

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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DREAMING AND AWAKING.

If I had laid thee low in the mould,
With the sods on thy fair frank face,
And prayed my prayer, and made my moan,
And turned to my desolate hearth alone,
To stare at thy vacant place :

Why, I had mourned the long hours through,
With a sorrow that would not die;
Yet thinking, my love and I at last,
When the fret and the fever of life are past,
May meet in our home on high.

If I had seen thee turn away,
From this passionate love of mine,
To woo another, for troth and faith,
To give another, for life and death,
True hand and name of thine :

Why, I had felt, though not for me,
To win that noble heart,
I may watch his steadfast course afar,
I may joy in the light of my one proud star,
As I sit in the shade apart.

But to know our trust was baseless,
To know our hope was vain.
Ah, who that wakens from visioned bliss,
To truth, cold, bitter, and hard as this,
Would venture to dream again.

All The Year Round.

"MUHE BIN ICH, GEH' ZUR RUH," U. S. W.

"Tired am I, and seek repose,
Both my weary eyes I close;
Father! watch above my head,
Let thine eyes be o'er my bed.

"Have I evil done this day?
See it not, dear God, I pray:
Thy rich grace, and Jesu's blood
Wash all stains with saving flood.

"Near and dear to me, may those
In thy hand, O God repose:
Small and great, let all to thee,
God of all, commended be.

"O relieve the aching breast,
Close the humid eyes to rest;
Let the moon from heaven look down,
Silent, slumbering men to crown."

Notes and Queries.

F. C. H.

THE BOOKWORM.

"*Munera pulveris.*"

We flung the close-kept casement wide;
The myriad atom-play
Streamed, with the mid-day's glancing tide,
Across him as he lay;
Only the unused summer gust
Moved the thin hair of Dryasdust.

The notes he writ were barely dry;

The entering breeze's breath
Fluttered the fruitless casuistry,

Checked at the leaf where Death —
The final commentator — thrust
His cold "Here endeth Dryasdust."

O fool and blind! The leaf that grew,
The opening bud, the trees,
The face of men, he nowise knew,
Or careless turned from these
To delve, in folios' rust and must,
The tomb he lived in, dry as dust.

He left, for mute Salmasius,
The lore a child may teach, —
For saws of dead Libanius,
The sound of uttered speech;
No voice had pierced the sheep-skin crust
That bound the heart of Dryasdust.

And so, with none to close his eyes,
And none to mourn him dead,
He in his dumb book-Babel lies
With grey dust garmented
Let be; pass on. It is but just —
These were thy gods, O Dryasdust!

Dig we his grave where no birds greet, —
He loved no song of birds;
Lay we his bones where no men meet, —
He loved no spoken words;
For him no "storied urn" or "bust;" —
Write his *Hic jacet* in the Dust.

Saint Pauls.

CROWN-SNAKE.

The huntsman to the mountain sped,
The dawn-light o'er the forest spread.

On huntsman on!

On, thou beloved huntsman, on!

What plashes in the water there?
What are the tinkling sounds I hear?
What in the grass do I behold,
Like sparkling gems and glittering gold?
The crown-snake swims around his bath,
Behind him left his crown he hath.
Now to the brave shall bliss betide
Who wins the crown shall win the bride.
"O huntsman! thy gold treasure yield,
Thy every wish shall be fulfill'd.
My crown, O huntsman! give me back,
Thou shalt not gold nor jewels lack.
Give me my crown — whatever thou
Wilt ask of me I'll give thee now!"
The huntsman look'd in silence down,
And 'neath his armour hid the crown.
Upon his breast the crown he laid,
The bride was his! — the lovely maid!

SIR J. BOWRING

Deutsche Volkslieder, 1577.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
HORACE WALPOLE.

THE history of England, throughout a very large segment of the eighteenth century, is simply a synonym for the works of Horace Walpole. There are, indeed, some other books upon the subject. Some good stories are scattered up and down the *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Nichol's *Anecdotes*. There is a speech or two of Burke's not without merit, and a readable letter may be disinterred every now and then from beneath the piles of contemporary correspondence. When the history of the times comes to be finally written in the fashion now prevalent, in which some six portly octavos are allotted to a year, and an event takes longer to describe than to occur, the industrious will find ample mines of waste paper in which they may quarry to their heart's content. Though Hansard was not, and newspapers were in their infancy, the shelves of the British Museum and other repositories groan beneath mountains of State papers, law reports, pamphlets, and chaotic raw materials, from which some precious ore may be smelted down. But these amorphous masses are attractive chiefly to the philosophers who are too profound to care for individual character, or to those praiseworthy students who would think the labour of a year well rewarded by the discovery of a single fact tending to throw a shade of additional perplexity upon the secret of Junius. Walpole's writings belong to the good old-fashioned type of history, which aspires to be nothing more than the quintessence of contemporary gossip. If the opinion be pardonable in these days, history of that kind has not only its charm, but its serious value. If not very profound or comprehensive, it impresses upon us the fact—so often forgotten—that our grandfathers were human beings. The ordinary historian reduces them to mere mechanical mummies; in Walpole's pages they are still living flesh and blood. Turn over any of the proper decorous history books, mark every passage where for a moment, we seem to be transported to the past—to the thunders of Chatham, the drivellings of Newcastle, or the prosings

of George Grenville, as they sounded in contemporary ears—and it will be safe to say that, on counting them up, a good half will turn out to be reflections from the illuminating flashes of Walpole. Excise all that comes from him, and the history sinks towards the level of the solid Archdeacon Coxe; add his keen touches, and, as in the *Castle of Otranto*, the portraits of our respectable old ancestors, which have been hanging in gloomy repose upon the wall, suddenly step from their frames and, for some brief space, assume a spectral vitality.

It is only according to rule that a writer who has been so useful should have been a good deal abused. No one is so amusing and so generally unpopular as a clever retailer of gossip. Yet it does seem rather hard that Walpole should have received such hard measure from Macaulay, through whose pages so much of his light has been transfused. The explanation, perhaps, is easy. Macaulay dearly loved the paradox that a man wrote admirably precisely because he was a fool, and applied it to the two greatest portrait painters of the times—Walpole and Boswell. There is something which hurts our best feelings in the success of a man whom we heartily despise. It seems to imply, which is intolerable, that our penetration has been at fault, or that merit—that is to say, our own conspicuous quality—is liable to be outstripped in this world by imposture. It is consoling if we can wrap ourselves in the belief that good work can be extracted from bad brains, and that shallowness, affectation, and levity can, by some strange chemistry, be transmuted into a substitute for genius. Do we not all, if we have reached middle age, remember some idiot (of course he was an idiot!) at school or college who had somehow managed to slip past us in the race of life, and revenge ourselves by swearing that he is an idiot still, and that idiocy is a qualification for good fortune? Swift somewhere says that a paper-cutter does its work all the better when it is blunt, and converts the fact into an allegory of human affairs, showing that decorous dullness is an over-match for genius. Macaulay was incapable, both in a good and bad sense, of Swift's tren-

chant misanthropy. His dislike to Walpole was founded not so much upon posthumous jealousy — though that passion is not so rare as absurd — but on the singular contrast between the character and intellect of the two men. The typical Englishman, with his rough, strong sense, passing at times into the narrowest insular prejudice, detested the Frenchified fine gentleman who minced his mother tongue and piqued himself on cosmopolitan indifference to patriotic sentiment: the ambitious historian was irritated by the contempt which the dilettante dabbler in literature affected for their common art; and the thorough-going Whig was scandalized by the man who, whilst claiming that sacred name, and living face to face with Chatham and Burke and the great Revolution families in all their glory, ventured to intimate his opinion that they, like other idols, had a fair share of clay and rubbish in their composition, and who, after professing a kind of sham republicanism, was frightened by the French Revolution into a paroxysm of ultra-Toryism. "You wretched fribble!" exclaims Macaulay; "you shallow scornee of all that is noble! You are nothing but a heap of silly whims and conceited airs! Strip off one mask of affectation from your mind, and we are still as far as ever from the real man. The very highest faculty that can be conceded to you is a keen eye for oddities, whether old curiosity shops or in Parliament; and to that you owe whatever just reputation you have acquired." Macaulay's fervour of rebuke is amusing, though, by a righteous Nemesis, it includes a specimen of blindness as gross as any that he attributes to Walpole. The summary decision that the chief use of France is to interpret England to Europe, is a typical example of that insular arrogance for which Mr. Arnold has popularized the name of Philistinism.

Yet criticism of this one-sided kind has its value. At least it suggests a problem. What is the element left out of account? Folly is never the real secret of a literary reputation, or what noble harvests of genius we should produce! If we patiently take off all the masks we must come at last to the animating principle beneath.

Even the great clothes philosophers did not hold that a mere Chinese puzzle of mask within mask could enclose sheer vacancy; there must be some kernel within, which may be discovered by sufficient patience. And in the first place, it may be asked, why did poor Walpole wear a mask at all? The answer seems obvious. The men of that age may be divided by a line which, to the philosophic eye, is of far more importance than that which separated Jacobites from loyal Whigs or Dissenters from High Churchmen. It separated the men who could drink two bottles of port after dinner from the men who could not. To men of delicate digestions the test imposed by the jovial party in ascendancy must have been severer than those due to political or ecclesiastical bigotry. They had to choose between social disabilities on the one side, and on the other indigestion for themselves and gout for their descendants. Thackeray, in a truly pathetic passage, partly draws the veil from their sufferings. Almost all the wits of Queen Anne's reign, he observes, were fat: "Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Gay and Thompson were preposterously fat; all that fuddling and punch drinking, that club and coffee-house boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of men of that age." Think of the dinner described in Swift's *Polite Conversation*, and compare the following bill of fare for a party of seven with the *menu* of a modern London dinner. First course: a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal and a tongue; second course, almond pudding, patties, and soup; third course, a venison pasty, a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, a goose, and a ham. All which is washed down by wine and beer, until, at length, a large tankard of October having been passed round, the gentlemen sit down to drink. Think of this and imagine supper in the perspective; imagine a man of irritable nerves and without the stomach of an ostrich, set down to such a meal, and regarded as a milksop if he flinches. The very report of such conviviality — before which Christopher North's performances in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* sink into insignificance — is enough to produce nightmares in the men of our degenerate times, and may

help us to understand the peevishness of feeble invalids such as Pope and Lord Harvey in the elder generation, or Walpole in that which was rising. Amongst these Garagantuan consumers, who combined in one the attributes of "gorging Jack and guzzling Jemmy," Sir Robert Walpole was celebrated for his powers and seems to have owed to them no small share of his popularity. Horace writes piteously from the paternal mansion, to which he had returned in 1743, not long after his tour in Italy, to one of his artistic friends: "Only imagine," he exclaims, "that I here every day see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into outlines of human form, like the giant rock at Pratinolo! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do if yonder alderman at the lower end of the table were to stick his fork into his neighbour's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs or the second is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the surloin does not ask quite so many questions." What was the style of conversation at these tremendous entertainments had better be left to the imagination. Sir R. Walpole's theory on that subject is upon record; and we can dimly guess at the feelings of a delicate young gentleman who had just learned to talk about Domenichinos and Guidos, and to buy ancient bronzes, when plunged into the coarse society of these mountains of roast beef. As he grew up manners became a trifle more refined, and the customs described so faithfully by Fielding and Smollett belonged to a lower social stratum. Yet we can fancy Walpole's occasional visit to his constituents, and imagine him forced to preside at one of those election feasts which still survive on Hogarth's canvas. Substitute him for the luckless fine gentleman in a laced coat, who represents the successful candidate in the first picture of the series. A drunken voter is dropping lighted pipe

ashes upon his wig; a hideous old hag is picking his pockets; a boy is brewing oceans of punch in a mash-tub; a man is blowing bagpipes in his ear; a fat parson close by is gorging the remains of a haunch of venison; a butcher is pouring gin on his neighbour's broken head; an alderman—a very mountain of roast beef—is sinking back in a fit, whilst a barber is trying to bleed him; brickbats are flying in at the windows; the room reeks with the stale smell of heavy viands and the fresh vapours of punch and gin, whilst the very air is laden with discordant howls and thick with oaths and ribald songs. Only think of the smart young candidate's headache next morning in the days when soda-water was not invented! And remember too that the representatives were not entirely free from sympathy with the coarseness of their constituents. Just at the period of Hogarth's painting, Walpole, when speaking of the feeling excited by a Westminster election, has occasion to use this pleasing "new fashionable proverb"—"We spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." It owed its origin to a feat performed by Lord Cobham at an assembly given at his own house. For a bet of a guinea he came behind Lord Hervey, who was talking to some ladies, and made use of his hat as a spittoon. The point of the joke was that Lord Hervey—son of Pope's "mere white curd of asses' milk," and related, as the scandal went, rather too closely to Horace Walpole himself—was a person of effeminate appearance, and therefore considered unlikely—wrongly, as it turned out—to resent the insult. We may charitably hope that the assailants, who thus practically exemplified the proper mode of treating milksops, were drunk. The two-bottle-men who lingered till our day were surviving relics of the type which then gave the tone to society. Within a few years there was a prime minister who always consoled himself under defeats and celebrated triumphs with his bottle; a chancellor who abolished evening sittings on the ground that he was always drunk in the evening; and even an archbishop—an Irish archbishop, it is true—whose

jovial habits broke down his constitution. Scratch those jovial toping aristocrats and you everywhere find the Squire Western. A man of squeamish tastes and excessive sensibility jostled amongst that thick-skinned, iron-nerved generation, was in a position with which any one may sympathize who knows the sufferings of a delicate lad at a public school in the old (and not so very old) brutal days. The victim of that tyranny slunk away from the rough horseplay of his companions to muse, like Dobbin, over the *Arabian Nights* in a corner, or find some amusement which his tormentors held to be only fit for girls. So Horace Walpole retired to Strawberry Hill and made toys of Gothic architecture, or heraldry, or diletante antiquarianism. The great discovery had not then been made, we must remember, that excellence in field-sports deserved to be placed on a level with the Christian virtues. The fine gentlemen of the Chesterfield era speak of fox-hunting pretty much as we speak of prize-fighting and bull-baiting. When all manly exercises had an inseparable taint of coarseness, delicate people naturally mistook effeminacy for refinement. When you can only join in male society on pain of drinking yourself under the table, the safest plan is to retire to tea-tables and small talk. For many years, Walpole's greatest pleasure seems to have been drinking tea with Lady Suffolk, and carefully piecing together bits of scandal about the courts of the first two Georges. He tells us, with all the triumph of a philosopher describing a brilliant scientific induction, how he was sometimes able, by adding his bits of gossip to hers, to unravel the secret of some wretched intrigue which had puzzled two generations of quidnuncs. The social triumphs on which he most piqued himself were of a congenial order. He sits down to write elaborate letters to Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, brimming over with irrepressible triumph when he has persuaded some titled ladies to visit his pet toy, the printing-press, at Strawberry Hill, and there, of course to their unspeakable surprise, his printer draws off a copy of verses composed in their honour in the most faded style of old-fashioned gallantry. He is intoxicated by his appointment to act as poet-laureate on the occasion of a visit of the Princess Amelia to Stowe. She is solemnly conducted to a temple of the Muses and Apollo, and there finds one of his admirable effusions,—

To other day with a beautiful frown on her brow,
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe:

and so on. "She was really in Elysium," he declares, and visited the arch erected in her honour three or four times a day.

It is not wonderful, we must confess, that burly ministers and jovial squires laughed horse-laughs at this mincing dandy, and tried in their clumsy fashion to avenge themselves for the sarcasms which, as they instinctively felt, lay hid beneath this mask of affectation. The enmity between the lapdog and the mastiff is an old story. Nor, as we must confess again, were these tastes redeemed by very amiable qualities beneath the smooth external surface. There was plenty of feminine spite as well as feminine delicacy. To the marked fear of ridicule natural to a sensitive man, Walpole joined a very happy knack of quarrelling. He could protrude a feline set of claws from his velvet glove. He was a touchy companion and an intolerable superior. He set out by quarrelling with Gray, who, as it seems, could not stand his dandified airs of social impertinence, though it must be added in fairness that the bond which unites fellow travellers is, perhaps, the most trying known to humanity. He quarrelled with Mason after twelve years of intimate correspondence; he quarrelled with Montagu after a friendship of some forty years; he always thought that his dependants, such as Bentley, were angels for six months, and made their lives a burden to them afterwards; he had a long and complex series of quarrels with all his near relations. Sir Horace Mann escaped any quarrel during forty-five years of correspondence; but Sir Horace never left Florence and Walpole never reached it. Conway alone remained intimate and immaculate to the end, though there is a bitter remark or two in the Memoirs against the perfect Conway. With ladies indeed, Walpole succeeded better; and perhaps we may accept, with due allowance for the artist's point of view, his own portrait of himself. He pronounces himself to be a "boundless friend, a bitter but placable enemy." Making the necessary corrections, we should translate this into "a bitter enemy, a warm but irritable friend." Tread on his toes, and he would let you feel his claws, though you were his oldest friend; but so long as you avoided his numerous tender points, he showed a genuine capacity for kindness and even affec-

tion; and in his later years he mellowed down into an amiable, purring old gentleman, responding with eager gratitude to the caresses of the charming Miss Berrys. Such a man, skinless and bilious, was ill qualified to join in the rough game of politics. He kept out of the arena while the hardest blows were given and taken, and confined his activity to lobbies and backstairs, where scandal was to be gathered and the hidden wires of intrigue to be delicately manipulated. He chuckles irrepressibly when he has confided a secret to a friend, who has let it out to a minister, who communicates it to a great personage, who explodes into inextinguishable wrath, and blows a whole elaborate plot into a thousand fragments. To expect deep and settled political principle from such a man would be to look for grapes from thorns and figs from thistles; but to do Walpole justice, we must add that it would be equally absurd to exact settled principle from any politician of that age. We are beginning to regard our ancestors with a strange mixture of contempt and envy. We despise them because they cared nothing for the thoughts which for the last century have been upheaving society into strange convulsions; we envy them because they enjoyed the delicious calm which was the product of that indifference. Wearied by the incessant tossing and boiling of the torrent which carries us away, we look back with fond regret to the little backwater so far above Niagara, where scarcely a ripple marks the approaching rapids. There is a charm in the great solid old eighteenth century mansions, which London is so rapidly engulfing, and even about the old red brick churches with "sleep-compelling" pews. We take imaginary naps amongst our grandfathers with no railways, no telegraphs, no mobs in Trafalgar Square, no discussions about ritualism or Dr. Colenso, and no reports of parliamentary debates. It is to our fancies an "island valley of Avilion," or, less magniloquently, a pleasant land of Cockaine, where we may sleep away the disturbance of battle, and even read through *Clarissa Harlowe*. We could put up with an occasional highwayman in Hyde Park, and perhaps do not think that our comfort would be seriously disturbed by a dozen executions in a morning at Tyburn. In such visionary glances through the centuries we have always the advantage of selecting our own position in life, and perhaps there are few that for such purposes we should prefer to Walpole's. We should lap ourselves against eating cares

in the warm folds of a sinecure of 6,000*l.* a-year bestowed because our father was a prime minister. There are many immaculate persons at the present day to whom truth would be truth even when seen through such a medium. There are — we have their own authority for believing it — men who would be republicans, though their niece was married to a royal duke. Walpole, we must admit, was not of the number. He was an aristocrat to the back-bone. He was a gossip by nature and education, and had lived from infancy in the sacred atmosphere of court intrigue; every friend he possessed in his own rank either had a place, or had lost a place, or was in want of a place, and generally combined all three characters; indifference to place was only a cunning mode of angling for a place, and politics was a series of ingeniously contrived manoeuvres in which the moving power of the machinery was the desire of sharing the spoils. Walpole's talk about Magna Charta and the execution of Charles I. could, it is plain, imply but a skin-deep republicanism. He could not be seriously displeased with a state of things of which his own position was the natural outgrowth. His republicanism was about as genuine as his boasted indifference to money — a virtue which is not rare in bachelors who have more than they can spend. So long as he could buy as much bricabrac, as many knickknacks, and odd books and bronzes and curious portraits and odd gloves of celebrated characters, as he pleased; add a new tower and a set of battlements to Strawberry Hill every few years; keep a comfortable house in London, and have a sufficiency of carriages and horses; treat himself to an occasional tour, and keep his press steadily at work; he was not the man to complain of poverty. He was a republican, too, as long as that word implied that he and his father and uncles and cousins and connections by marriage and their intimate friends were to have everything precisely their own way; but if a vision could have shown him the reformers of a coming generation who would inquire into civil lists and object to sinecures — to say nothing of cutting off the heads of the first families — he would have prayed to be removed before the evil day. Republicanism in his sense was a word exclusive of revolution. Was it, then, a mere meaningless mask intended only to conceal the real man? Before passing such a judgment we should remember that the names by which people classify their opinions are generally a little more than arbi-

trary badges; and even in these days, when practice treads so closely on the heels of theory, some persons profess to know extreme radicals who could be converted very speedily by a bit of riband. Walpole has explained himself with unmistakable frankness, and his opinion was at least intelligible. He was not a republican after the fashion of Robespierre, or Jefferson, or M. Gambetta; but he had some meaning. When a duke in those days proposed annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we may assume that he did not realize the probable effect of those institutions upon dukes; and when Walpole applauded the regicides, he was not anxious to send George III. to the block. He meant, however, that he considered George III. to be a narrow-minded and obstinate fool. He meant, too, that the great Revolution families ought to distribute the plunder and the power without the interference from the Elector of Hanover. He meant, again, that as a quick and cynical observer, he found the names of Brutus and Algernon Sydney very convenient covers for attacking the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Bute. But beyond all this, he meant something more, which gives the real spice to his writings. It was something not quite easy to put into formulas; but characteristic of the vague discomfort of the holders of sinecures in those halcyon days arising from the perception that the ground was hollow under their feet. To understand him we must remember that the period of his activity marks precisely the lowest ebb of political principle. Old issues had been settled, and the new ones were only just coming to the surface. He saw the end of the Jacobites and the rise of the demagogues. His early letters describe the advance of the Pretender to Derby; they tell us how the British public was on the whole inclined to look on and cry, "Fight dog, fight bear;" how the Jacobites who had anything to lose left their battle to be fought by half-starved cattle-stealers, and contented themselves with drinking to the success of the cause; and how the Whig magnates, with admirable presence of mind, raised regiments, appointed officers, and got the expenses paid by the Crown. His later letters describe the amazing series of blunders by which we lost America in spite of the clearest warnings from almost every man of sense in the kingdom. The interval between these disgraceful epochs is filled—if we except the brief episode of Chatham—by a series of struggles between different connections—one cannot

call them parties—which separate and combine, and fight and make peace, till the plot of the drama becomes too complicated for human ingenuity to unravel. Lads just crammed for a civil service examination might possibly bear in mind all the shifting combinations which resulted from the endless intrigues of Pelhams and Grenvilles and Bedfords and Rockinghams; yet even those omniscient persons could hardly give a plausible account of the principles which each party conceived itself to be maintaining. What, for example, were the politics of a Rigby or a Bubb Dodington? The diary in which the last of these eminent persons reveals his inmost soul is perhaps the most curious specimen of unconscious self-analysis extant. His utter baseness and venality, his disgust at the "low venal wretches" to whom he had to give bribes; his creeping and crawling before those from whom he sought to extract bribes; his utter incapacity to explain a great man except on the hypothesis of insanity; or to understand that there is such a thing as political morality, derive double piquancy from the profound conviction that he is an ornament to society, and from the pious aspiration which he utters with the utmost simplicity. Bubb wriggled himself into a peerage, and differed from innumerable competitors only by superior frankness. He is the fitting representative of an era from which political faith has disappeared, as Walpole is its fitting satirist. All political virtue, it is said, was confined in Walpole's opinion, to Conway and the Marquis of Hertford. Was he wrong? or, if he was wrong, was it not rather in the exception than the rule? The dialect in which his sarcasms are expressed is affected, but the substance is hard to dispute. The world, he is fond of saying, is a tragedy to those who feel, a comedy to those who think. He preferred the comedy view. "I have never yet seen or heard," he says, "anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object, and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes that the stars are, so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honest, than any of them. Oh! I am

sick of visions and systems that shove one another aside, and come again like figures in a moving picture." Probably Walpole's belief in the ploughman lasted till he saw the next smock-frock; but the bitterness clothed in the old-fashioned cant is serious and is justifiable enough. Here is a picture of English politics in the time of Wilkes. "No government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant and on the point of being hostile! Lord Bute accused of all, and dying of a panic; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate; Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute, and that five mutes and an epigram can set everything to rights; the Duke of Grafton (then Prime Minister) like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a horse-race; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo while each of them has 3,000*l.* a year and three thousand bottles of claret and champagne!" And every word of this is true—at least, so far as epigrams need be true. It is difficult to put into more graphic language the symptoms of an era just ripe for revolution. If frivolous himself, Walpole can condemn the frivolity of others. "Can one repeat common news with indifference," he asks, just after the surrender of Yorktown, "while our shame is writing for future history by the pens of all our numerous enemies? When did England see two whole armies lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners? . . . These are thoughts I cannot stifle at the moment that expresses them; and, though I do not doubt that the same dissipation that has swallowed up all our principles will reign again in ten days with its wonted sovereignty, I had rather be silent than vent my indignation. Yet I cannot talk, for I cannot think, on any other subject. It was not six days ago that, in the height of four raging wars (with America, France, Spain, and Holland), I saw in the papers an account of the opera and of the dresses of the company, and hence the town, and thence, of course, the whole nation, were informed that Mr. Fitzpatrick had very little powder in his hair." Walpole sheltered himself behind the corner of a pension to sneer at the tragi-comedy of life; but if his feelings were not profound, they were quick and genuine, and affectation for affectation, his cynical coxcomby seems preferable to the solemn coxcomby of the men who shamelessly wrangled for plunder, whilst they talked solemn plati-

tudes about sacred Whig principles and the thrice blessed British Constitution.

Walpole, in fact, represents a common creed amongst the comfortable but clear-headed men of his time. It was the strange mixture of scepticism and conservatism which is exemplified in such men as Hume and Gibbon. He was at heart a Voltairian, and, like his teacher, confounded all religious and political beliefs under the name of superstition. Voltaire himself did not anticipate the Revolution to which he, more than any man, had contributed. Walpole, with stronger personal reasons than Voltaire for disliking a catastrophe, was as furious as Burke when the volcano burst forth. He was a republican so far as he disbelieved in the divine right of kings, and hated enthusiasm and loyalty generally. He wished the form to survive and the spirit to disappear. Things were rotten, and he wished them to stay rotten. The ideal to which he is constantly recurring was the pleasant reign of his father, when nobody made a fuss, or went to war, or kept principles except for sale. He foresaw, however, far better than most men the coming crash. If political sagacity be fairly tested by a prophetic vision of the French Revolution, Walpole's name should stand high. He visited Paris in 1765, and remarks that laughing is out of fashion. "Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the King to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having my belief left." Do you know, he asks presently, who are the philosophers? "In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody, and in the next it means men who, avowing war against Papacy, aim, many of them, at the destruction of regal power. The philosophers," he goes on, "are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic. They preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism—you could not believe how openly. Don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, '*Il est bigot, c'est un déiste!*'" French politics, he professes a few years afterwards, must end in "despotism, a civil war, or assassination," and he remarks that the age will not, as he had always thought, be an age of abortion, but rather "the age of seeds that are to produce strange crops hereafter." The next century, he says at a later period, "will probably exhibit a very new era, which the close of this has been, and is, preparing."

If these sentences had been uttered by Burke, they would have been quoted as proofs of remarkable sagacity. As it is we may surely call them stern glances for a frivolous coxcomb.

Walpole regarded these symptoms in the true epicurean spirit, and would have joined in the sentiment, *après moi le déluge*. He was, on the whole, for remedying grievances, and is put rather out of temper by cruelties which cannot be kept out of sight. He talks with disgust of the old habit of stringing up criminals by the dozen; he denounces the slave-trade with genuine fervour; there is apparent sincerity in his platitudes against war; and he never took so active a part in politics as in the endeavour to prevent the judicial murder of Byng. His conscience generally discharged itself more easily by a few pungent epigrams, and though he wished the reign of reason and humanity to dawn, he would rather that it should not come at all than be ushered in by a tempest. His whole theory is given forcibly and compactly in an answer which he once made to the republican Mrs. Macaulay, and was fond of repeating:—"Madam, if I had been Luther, and could have known that for the *chance* of saving a million of souls I should be the cause of a million of lives, at least, being sacrificed before my doctrines could be established, it must have been a most palpable angel, and in a most heavenly livery, before he should have set me at work." We will not ask what angel would have induced him to make the minor sacrifice of six thousand a year to establish any conceivable doctrine. Whatever may be the merit of these opinions, they contain Walpole's whole theory of life. I know, he seems to have said to himself, that loyalty is folly, that rank is contemptible, that the old society in which I live is rotten to the core, and that explosive matter is accumulating beneath our feet. Well! I am not made of the stuff for a reformer: I am a bit of a snob, though, like other snobs, I despise both parties to the bargain. I will take the sinecures the gods provide me, amuse myself with toys at Strawberry Hill, despise kings and ministers, without endangering my head by attacking them, and be over-polite to a royal duke when he visits me, on condition of laughing at him behind his back when he is gone. Walpole does not deserve a statue; he was not a Wilberforce or a Howard, and as little of a Burke or a Chatham. But his faults, as well as his virtues, qualified him to be the keenest of all observers, of a society unconsciously

approaching a period of tremendous convulsions.

To claim for him that, even at his best, he is a profound observer of character, or that he gives any consistent account of his greatest contemporaries, would be too much. He is full of whims, and, moreover, full of spite. He cannot be decently fair to any one who deserted his father, or stood in Conway's light. He reflects at all times the irreverent gossip current behind the scenes. To know the best and the worst that can be said of any great man, the best plan is to read the leading article of his party newspaper, and then to converse in private with its writer. The eulogy and the sarcasm may both be sincere enough; only it is pleasant, after puffing ones wares to the public, to glance at their seamy side in private. Walpole has a decided taste for that last pint of view. The littleness of the great, the hypocrisy of the virtuous, and the selfishness of statesmen in general, is his ruling theme, illustrated by an infinite variety of brilliant caricatures struck off at the moment with a quick eye and a sure hand. Though he elaborates no grand historical portrait, like Burke or Clarendon, he has a whole gallery of telling vignettes which are often as significant as far more pretentious works. Nowhere, for example, can we find more graphic sketches of the great man who stands a head and shoulders above the whole generation of dealers in power and place. Most of Chatham's contemporaries repaid his contempt with intense dislike. Some of them pronounced him mad, and others thought him a knave. Walpole, who at times calls him a mountebank and an impostor, does not go further than Burke, who, in a curious comment, speaks of him as the "grand artificer of fraud," who never conversed but with "a parcel of low toadaters;" and asks whether all this "theatrical stuffing" and these "raised heels" could be necessary to the character of a great man. Walpole, of course, has a keen eye to the theatrical stuffing. He takes the least complimentary view of the grand problem, which still puzzles some historians, as to the genuineness of Chatham's gout. He smiles complacently when the great actor forgets that his right arm ought to be lying helpless in a sling and flourishes it with his accustomed vigour. But Walpole, in spite of his sneers and sarcasms, can recognize the genuine power of the man. He is the describer of the striking scene when the House of Commons was giggling over

some delicious story of bribery and corruption — the House of Commons was frivolous in those benighted days; he tells how Pitt suddenly stalked down from the gallery and administered his thundering reproof; how Murray, then Attorney-General, "crouched, silent and terrified," and the Chancellor of the Exchequer faltered out a humble apology for the unseemly levity. It is Walpole who best describes the great debate when Pitt, "haughty, defiant, conscious of injury and supreme abilities," burst out in that tremendous speech — tremendous if we may believe the contemporary reports, of which the only tolerably preserved fragment is the celebrated metaphor about the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone. Alas! Chatham's eloquence has all gone to rags and tatters; though, to say the truth, it has only gone the way of nine-tenths of our contemporary eloquence. We have indeed what are called accurate reports of spoken pamphlets, dried specimens of rhetoric from which the life has departed as completely as it is strained out of the specimens in a botanical collection. If there is no Walpole amongst us, we shall know what our greatest living orator has said; but how he said it, and how it moved his audience, will be as obscure as if the reporters' gallery was still unknown. Walpole — when he was not affecting philosophy, or smarting from the failure of an intrigue, or worried by the gout, or disappointed of a bargain at a sale — could throw electric flashes of light on the figure he describes which reveal the true man. He errs from petulance, but not from stupidity. He can appreciate great qualities by fits, though he cannot be steadily loyal to their possessor. And if he wrote down most of our rulers as knaves and fools, we have only to lower those epithets to selfish and blundering, to get a very fair estimate of their characters. To the picturesque historian his services are invaluable; though no single statement can be accepted without careful correction.

Walpole's social, as distinguished from his political, anecdotes do in one sense what Leech's drawings have done for this. But the keen old man of the world puts a far bitterer and deeper meaning into his apparently superficial scratches than the kindly modern artist, whose satire was narrowed, if purified, by the decencies of modern manners. Walpole reflects in a thousand places that strange combination of brutality and polish which marked the little circle of fine ladies and gentlemen

who then constituted society, and played such queer pranks in quiet unconsciousness of the revolutionary elements that were seething below. He is the best of commentators on Hogarth, and gives us *Gin-Lane* on one side and the *Marriage à la mode* on the other. As we turn over the well-known pages we come at every turn upon characteristic scenes of the great tragi-comedy that was being played out. In one page a highwayman puts a bullet through his hat, and on the next we read how three thousand ladies and gentlemen visited the criminal in his cell, on the Sunday before his execution, till he fainted away twice from the heat; then we hear how Lord Lovat's buffooneries made the whole brilliant circle laugh as he was being sentenced to death; and how Balmerino pleaded "not guilty," in order that the ladies might not be deprived of their sport; how the House of Commons adjourned to see a play acted by persons of quality, and the gallery was hung round with blue ribands; how the Gummings had a guard to protect them in the park; what strange pranks were played by the bigamous Miss Chudleigh; what jokes — now, alas! very faded and dreary — were made by George Selwyn, and how that amiable favourite of society went to Paris in order to see the cruel tortures inflicted upon Damiens, and was introduced to the chief performer on the scaffold as a distinguished amateur in executions. One of the best of all these vignettes portrays the funeral of George II., and is worthy of Thackeray. It opens with the solemn procession to the torch-lighted Abbey, whose "long-drawn aisles and fretted vault" excite the imagination of the author of the *Castle of Otranto*. Then the comic element begins to intrude; the procession jostles and falls into disorder at the entrance of Henry Seventh's Chapel; the bearers stagger under the heavy coffin and cry for help; the bishop blunders in the prayers, and the anthem, as fit, says Walpole, for a wedding as a funeral, becomes immeasurably tedious. Against this tragi-comic background are relieved two characteristic figures. The "butcher" Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, stands with the obstinate courage of his race gazing into the vault where his father is being buried, and into which he is soon to descend. His face is distorted by a recent stroke of paralysis, and he is forced to stand for two hours on a bad leg. To him enters the burlesque Duke of Newcastle, who begins by bursting into tears and throwing himself

back in a stall. whilst the Archbishop "hovers over him with a smelling-bottle." Then curiosity overcomes him, and he runs about the chapel with a spyglass in one hand, to peer into the faces of the company, and mopping his eyes with the other. "Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble." What a perch to select! Imagine the contrast of the two men, and remember that the Duke of Newcastle was for an unprecedented time the great dispenser of patronage, and by far the most important personage in the government. Walpole had reason for some of his sneers.

The literary power implied in these brilliant sketches is remarkable, and even if Walpole's style is more Gallicized than is evident to me, it must be confessed that with a few French idioms he has caught something of that unrivalled dexterity and neatness of touch in which the French are our undisputed masters. His literary character is of course marked by an affectation analogous to that which debases his politics. Walpole was always declaring with doubtful sincerity — (that is one of the matters in which a man is scarcely bound to be quite sincere) — that he has no ambition for literary fame, and that he utterly repudiates the title of "learned gentleman." There is too much truth in his disavowals to allow us to write them down as mere mock-modesty; but doubtless his principal motive was a dislike to entering the arena of open criticism. He has much of the feeling which drove Pope into paroxysms of unworthy fury on every mention of Grub-street. The anxiety of men in that day to disavow the character of professional authors, must be taken with the fact that professional authors were then an unscrupulous, scurrilous and venal race. Walpole feared collision with them as he feared collision with the "mountains of roast beef." Though literature was emerging from the back-lanes and alleys, the two greatest potentates of the day, Johnson and Warburton, had both a decided cross of the bear in their composition. Walpole was nervously anxious to keep out of their jurisdiction, and to sit at the feet of such refined law-givers as Mason and Grey, or the feeble critics of polite society. In such courts there naturally passes a good deal of very flimsy flattery between persons who are alternately at the bar or on the bench. We do not quite believe that Lady Di

Beauclerk's drawings were unsurpassable by "Salvator Rosa and Guido," or that Lady Ailesbury's "landscape in worsteds" was a work of high art; and we doubt whether Walpole believed it; nor do we fancy that he expected Sir Horace Mann to believe that when sitting in his room at Strawberry Hill, he was in the habit of apostrophizing the setting sun in such terms as these: "Look at yon sinking beams! His gaudy reign is over; but the silver moon above that elm succeeds to a tranquil horizon," &c. Sweeping aside all this superficial rubbish, as mere concessions to the faded taste of the age of hoops and wigs, Walpole has something to say for himself. He has been condemned for the absurdity of his criticisms, and it is undeniable that he sometimes blunders strangely. It would, indeed, be easy to show, were it worth while, that he is by no means so silly in his contemporary verdicts as might be supposed from scattered passages in his letters. But what are we to say to a man who compares Dante to "a Methodist parson in Bedlam?" The first answer is that, in this instance Walpole was countenanced by greater men. Voltaire, with all his faults the most consummate literary artist of the century, says with obvious disgust that there are people to be found who force themselves to admire "feats of imagination as stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as those of the *Divina Commedia*. Walpole must be reckoned as belonging both in his faults and his merits to the Voltairian school of literature, and amongst other peculiarities common to the master and his disciple, may be counted an incapacity for reverence and an intense dislike to being bored. For these reasons he hates all epic poets from Dante to Blackmore; he detests all didactic poems, including those of Thomson and Akenside; and he is utterly scandalized by the French enthusiasm for Richardson. In these last judgments, at least, nine-tenths of the existing race of mankind agree with him; though few people have the courage to express their agreement in print. We may be thankful that Walpole, which is not always the case, is as incapable of boring as of enduring bores. He is one of the few Englishmen who share the quality sometimes ascribed to the French as a nation, and certainly enjoyed by his teacher, Voltaire; namely, that though they may be frivolous, blasphemous, indecent, and faulty in every other way, they can never for a single moment be dull. His letters show that crisp, sparkling quality of style which accompanies this power, and which is so un-

attainable to most of his countrymen. The quality is less conspicuous in the rest of his works, and the light verses and essays in which we might expect him to succeed are disappointingly weak. Xoho's letter to his countrymen is now as dull as the work of most imaginary travellers, and the essays in *The World* are remarkably inferior to the *Spectator*, to say nothing of the *Rambler*.* Yet Walpole's place in literature is unmistakable, if of equivocal merit. Byron called him the author of the last tragedy and the first romance in our language. The tragedy, with Byron's leave, is revolting (perhaps the reason why Byron admired it), and the romance passes the borders of the burlesque. And yet the remark hits off a singular point in Walpole's history. A thorough child of the eighteenth century, we might have expected him to share Voltaire's indiscriminating contempt for the middle ages. One would have supposed that in his lips, as in those of all his generation, Gothic would have been synonymous with barbaric, and the admiration of an ancient abbey as redundant as admiration of Dante. So far from which, Walpole is almost the first modern Englishman who found out that our old cathedrals were really beautiful. He discovered that a most charming toy might be made of mediævalism. Strawberry Hill, with all its gimeracks, its pasteboard battlements, and stained-paper carvings, with the lineal ancestor of the new law-courts. The restorers of churches, the manufacturers of stained glass, the modern decorators and architects of all vanities—perhaps, we may venture to add, the Ritualists and the High Church party—should think of him with kindness. It cannot be said that they should give him a place in their calendar, for he was not of the stuff of which saints are made. It was a very thin veneering of mediævalism which covered his modern creed; and the mixture is not particularly edifying. Still he undoubtedly found out that charming plaything which, in other hands, has been elaborated and industriously constructed till it is all but indistinguishable from the genuine article. Some persons hold it to be merely a plaything, when all has been said and done, and maintain that when the root has once been severed, the tree can never be made to grow. However that may be, Walpole's trifling was the first forerunner of much that has occu-

ried the minds of much greater artists ever since. And thus his initiative in literature has been as fruitful as his initiative in art. The *Castle of Otranto* and the *Mysterious Mother* were the progenitors of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and probably had a strong influence upon the author of *Ivanhoe*. Frowning castles and gloomy monasteries, knights in armour, and ladies in distress, and monks and nuns and hermits, all the scenery and characters that have peopled the imagination of the romantic school, may be said to have had their origin on the night when Walpole lay down to sleep, his head crammed full of Wardour-street curiosities and dreamt that he saw a gigantic hand in armour resting on the banister of his staircase. In three months from that time he had elaborated a story, the object of which, as defined by himself, was to combine the charms of the old romance and the modern novel, and which, to say the least, strikes us now like an exaggerated caricature of the later school. Scott criticises the *Castle of Otranto* seriously and even Macaulay speaks of it with a certain respect. Absurd as the burlesque seems, our ancestors found it amusing, and, what is stranger, awe inspiring. Excitable readers shuddered when a helmet of more than gigantic size fell from the clouds, in the first chapter, and crushed the young baron to atoms on the eve of his wedding, as a trap smashes a mouse. This, however, was merely a foretaste of a series of unprecedented phenomena. At one moment the portrait of Manfred's grandfather, without the least premonitory warning, utters a deep sigh, and heaves its breast, after which it descends to the floor with a grave and melancholy air. Presently the menials catch sight of a leg and foot in armour to match the helmet, and apparently belonging to a ghost which has lain down promiscuously in the picture gallery. Most appalling, however, of all is the adventure which happened to Count Frederick in the oratory. Kneeling before the altar was a tall figure in a long cloak. As he approached it rose, and, turning round, disclosed to him the fleshless jaws and empty eyesockets of a skeleton. The ghost disappeared as ghosts generally do after giving a perfectly unnecessary warning, and the catastrophe is soon reached by the final appearance of the whole suit of armour with the ghost inside it, who bursts the castle to bits like an eggshell, and, towering towards the sky, exclaims, "Theodore is the true heir of Alfonso!" This proceeding fortunately made a law-

* It is odd that in one of these papers Walpole proposes, in jest, precisely our modern system of postage cards, only charging a penny instead of a halfpenny.

suit unnecessary, and if the castle was ruined at once, it is not quite impossible that the same result might have been attained more slowly by litigation. The whole machinery strikes us as simply babyish, and sometimes we suspect Walpole of laughing in his sleeve; as, for example, in the solemn scene in the chapel, which closes thus:—"As he spake these words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alphonso's statue" (Alphonso is the spectre in armour). "Manfred turned pale, and the princess sank on her knees. 'Behold!' said the friar, 'mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alfonso will never mix with that of Manfred!'" Nor can we think that the story is rendered much more interesting by Walpole's simple expedient of introducing into the midst of these portents a set of waiting-maids and peasants, who talk in the familiar style of the smart valets in Congreve's or Sheridan's comedies.

Yet, babyish as this mass of nursery tales may appear to us, it is curious that the theory which Walpole advocated has been exactly carried out. He wished to relieve the prosaic realism of the school of Fielding and Smollett by making use of the romantic associations, without altogether taking leave of the language of common life. He sought to make real men and women out of mediæval knights and ladies, or, in other words, he made a first experimental trip into the province afterwards occupied by Scott. The *Mysterious Mother* is in the same taste; and his interest in Ossian, in Chatterton, and in Percy's Relics, is another proof of his anticipation of the coming change of sentiment. He was an arrant trifler, it is true; too delicately constituted for real work in literature and politics, and inclined to take a cynical view of his contemporaries generally, he turned for amusement to antiquarianism, and was the first to set modern art and literature masquerading in the antique dresses. That he was quite conscious of the necessity for more serious study, appears in his letters, in one of which, for example, he proposes a systematic history of Gothic architecture, such as has since been often enough executed. It does not, it may be said, require any great intellect or even any exquisite taste for a fine gentleman to strike out a new line of dilettante amusement. In truth, Walpole has no pretensions whatever to be regarded as a great original creator, or even as one of the few infallible critics. The only man of his kind who had more claim to that lost title was his

friend Gray, who shared his Gothic tastes with greatly superior knowledge. But he was indefinitely superior to that knowledge. But he was indefinitely superior to the great mass of commonplace writers who attain a kind of bastard infallibility by always accepting the average verdict of the time; which on the principle of the *vox populi*, is more often right than that of any dissenter. There is an intermediate class of men who are useful as sensitive barometers to foretell coming changes of opinion. Their intellects are mobile if shallow: and, perhaps, their want of serious interest in contemporary intellects renders them more accessible to the earliest symptoms of superficial shiftings of taste. They are anxious to be at the head of the fashions in thought as well as in dress and pure love of novelty serves to some extent in place of genuine originality. Amongst such men, Walpole deserves a high place; and it is not easy to obtain a high place even amongst such men. The people who succeed best at trifles are those who are capable of something better. In spite of Johnson's aphorism, it is the colossus who, when he tries, can cut the best head upon cherry-stones, as well as hew statues out of rock. Walpole was no colossus; but his peevish anxiety to affect even more frivolity than was really natural to him, has blinded his critics to the real power of a remarkably acute, versatile, and original intellect. We cannot regard him with much respect, and still less with much affection; but the more we examine his work, the more we shall admire his extreme cleverness.

From Saint Pauls.

OFF THE SKELLIGS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XIV.

"And 'tis sentiment kills me, says I."

SOUTHAMPTON. My first view of it showed a gloomy background of cloud with lines of angry red running between its thunderous folds, and a dark foreground of old wall—Roman wall, I was informed. It looked as old as the hills, and almost as substantial. A very shallow reach of water that hardly covered the green weed lay between us and the pier, and derived an unquiet beauty from the broken reflections of a long row of lamps just being lighted on shore.

Tom and Mr. Brandon were about to

push off when I came on deck. They were going to London that night, partly about passports, partly, I felt sure, that Mr. Brandon might have a surgical opinion about his arm, and partly to call on an aunt of the children's, an English lady, who lived in town, and might wish to see them before they were taken to their grandmother.

The dear little creatures had travelled a good deal considering their tender age. They had been born in England, their father being a poor clergyman in the north of Yorkshire. Not quite a year before their return as orphans, he had accepted a chaplaincy in the West Indies, but his health failing, after a very few months, he had gone up to Charleston with his family to stay with a French lady, a relation of his wife's, and there had died.

Mr. Brandon knew nothing about the circumstances of their family; he was not even sure how their name was spelt, but he had an address in London, and had accepted the charge of them from their mother.

It was Saturday night. Uncle Rollin and I spent a very quiet Sunday, going on shore to church, and afterwards walking beside the grand old wall.

On Monday I did a vast amount of shopping, bought a quantity of material for work at sea when the children should be gone, and spent a great deal of time, with Mrs. Brand's help, in choosing things for my own wear, for I perceived that it was supposed to be my first duty to be always neatly and gracefully dressed. I tried to be as economical as I could, as my allowance was not large; but the very next day after these purchases were made, my uncle, taking a walk with me, stopped before one of the principal mercer's shops, and, after looking into the window attentively, beckoned out a young man, and pointing at various things with his finger, said,—

"You'll be so good as to put up *that* for me, and *that*, and *that*—"

"Won't you come inside, sir?" said the young man, who was evidently surprised at his style of shopping.

"No," he answered, retreating a step or two. "I don't think I will, thank you."

I gave Mrs. Brand, who was behind us with her husband, a significant look, and she stepped forward.

"And I'll have that, too," said my uncle, pointing at a very broad blue sash-ribbon that dangled in front of the other things.

"Yes, but you only mean a sash of it, sir, and a dress-length of the silk, and of

the embroidered muslin, and that scarf," said Mrs. Brand.

"Of course," he answered.

"Uncle, they are too expensive," I ventured to say.

"And what do you call that?" he continued to the master, who had now come out.

"That's an opera cloak, sir; a very sweet thing."

"Well, and I'll have that, if you please. Good morning, sir. This good friend of mine," indicating Mrs. Brand, "will tell you where to send the things."

He then marched off with me.

"I know I shall repent this," he observed in a moment or two.

"Dear uncle, pray, pray let us go back then, and countermand the order."

"Nonsense, child! I meant that as we're going to France, I might have done better to buy these things there."

"I know very well they are for me."

"Yes. Why didn't you say 'Thank you?'"

"Because I am so afraid if you let me be such an expense to you, it will make you dislike me. You must have spent twenty pounds."

"But I only spent what I chose. You should take example by me, and *never* go *inside*, and then you can get away whenever you like."

Uncle Rollin and I were very happy together till three o'clock on Wednesday, when, coming on board, we found Tom and Mr. Brandon waiting for us on deck, and a lady who was introduced to me as Miss Tott.

She remarked that she had come to see her nieces. I saw two huge boxes with her name upon them, and wondered at the amount of luggage she had brought, as we were to sail the next day.

I took her to my cabin, where the children, arrayed in their pink frocks, were playing about.

Miss Tott embraced them both, and wept over them copiously. She was a pleasant-looking person, tall, very slender, head a little on one side, drooping eyes, a long nose that projected rather too far into space, a pensive, soothing voice, and a fine complexion.

Little Frances stared at her, and escaped from her kisses as quickly as possible; Nannette regarded her with curiosity and disfavour.

"My precious ones," murmured Miss Tott. "I trust their spirits are not utterly weighed down by these accumulated mis-

fortunes. It is indeed sad when the heart is wrung in infancy."

"What is she crying for?" whispered Frances to me.

Suddenly she clasped her hands, and looked up, exclaiming,—

"They are in coloured dresses — ah me! and what a colour — pink!"

"Yes, ma'am" put in Mrs. Brand, who seemed struck with admiration of this sensibility; "we had nothing black for them to wear when they came on board; their own frocks were torn to shreds, I do assure you."

"I hope this has not been an additional pang to their tender hearts," continued Miss Tott. "You have explained to them, doubtless, that there has been no intentional disrespect."

She spoke to me, and not without secret wonder I replied,—

"They have not noticed it. They are too young to feel deeply; but I have heard them speak with affection of their dear mamma and the baby."

Miss Tott dried her eyes and held out her hand to Nannette, who drew back.

"This is little Nannette's aunt," I whispered. "Go to her."

The troublesome little creature instantly said aloud,—

"But hasn't she brought us something pretty from London?"

That was because Mr. Brandon had promised each of them a toy.

I pushed the chubby little thing nearer, and she shook back her shining lengths of straight hair, and condescended to take the hand presented to her.

"And so my little darling has no dear papa and mamma, and no sweet baby sister, now?"

"It isn't a baby sister," lisped the child, softly; "it's my little baby brother; he's got two teeth."

"But he is gone now. Nannette has no baby brother now."

"Yes, I have."

"Is it possible that they are in ignorance of these things?" cried Miss Tott, "or are they devoid of feeling?"

"Neither; but they do not understand you."

"He did cry," said Nannette, with great simplicity, "when he was on the raft,"

"But he is very happy now," put in the other child. "Mr. Brandon says he never cries at all; God took him up to heaven."

"He likes to be up there," said Nannette.

Miss Tott looked scandalized at this infantile talk, but her boxes now appear-

ing, to my ill-concealed surprise she said to me,—

"Mr. Brandon proposed to take my dear little nieces to their grandmamma, but I could not bear the thought that my little desolate ones should go alone; so I said I hoped it would be no inconvenience to Captain Rollin if I accompanied them."

I thought he would very much dislike to have a lady passenger, and I said nothing by way of encouragement.

"I see abundance of room," she presently added, looking round.

"But not at my disposal," I answered.

"Oh, do not let that disturb you," she said very sweetly, and with a soothing tone that I rather resented; "your brother will speak to Captain Rollin when he comes on board — no responsibility shall rest on you, the gentlemen will do all, and after the captain's noble hospitality, I have no anxious feelings about the result; so," she continued very softly, "would it be too much to ask that I might be alone with the dear children for a short time?"

I was rather glad to comply with her request, and went away with the admiring Mrs. Brand, shutting Miss Tott in with the children.

In the chief cabin I found Mr. Brandon and Tom, the former marching about in a very impatient style; he was evidently vexed and fretted.

They had been mildly and sweetly obliged by Miss Tott to bring her and her luggage on board, and each being soothed and assured that he should not have any unpleasant responsibility, had been told what a relief it would be to "the captain" to find the children's best and nearest protector was ready to go with them.

"And what did my uncle say?" I asked.

"He pulled a long face, but he evidently means to submit."

I said it was a very odd thing.

"The whole journey has been odd," observed Tom.

"Yes," said Mr. Brandon, "I saw when we called on her that she was full of perverse obstinacy and tender humbug."

"Why did you bring her with you then?"

"She made us; she would come. She felt that 'the captain' would expect no less of her, and she could not disappoint him."

"You should have assured her to the contrary."

"We did, over and over again — no use; she did not intend to hear. Graham, I wish we had been lost in that fog, and never found her house."

"A fog! we have had none here."

"We had a very thick fog," said Tom, "directly after the thunder-storm—a soupy fog; we took a cab and set off in it to find the grandfather and this aunt. Drove a long way and saw nothing; at last after a sharp turn, and one or two most preposterous jolts, we heard a loud knock and came to a stand. The driver had given matters up, and the horse, in despair of finding the right turn, had gone up the steps of a house and was knocking at the door with his nose."

"The footman opened it," said Mr. Brandon, "and uttered a manly screech. We asked where we were, and found we were in Eaton Square. The horse, all this while, foolishly stared in at the hall door. We managed to get on into Chester Square; and if Graham would only have stood by me, you would have seen a different result."

"Nothing of the sort," said Tom; "you were quite as helpless as I was, if not more so. She made us come and fetch her too, and her great chests, and what with all your tailor's parcels and mine, and that great Noah's ark nearly as big as a child's coffin (and some great woolly dogs that he bought too, Dorothea, which barked in the parcel whenever we moved them), I never suffered so with luggage in my life!"

"Yes, I have been round the world with less," said Mr. Brandon.

"So here she is," proceeded Tom; "she wants to persuade the old grandmother that she ought to take the entire responsibility of the children: her father she says cannot afford it. Now their grandmother, who was brought up a French Protestant, has lately become a Roman Catholic; and Brandon naturally hoped the children would be taken by the father's family and brought up in the religion of their parents. But no, they cannot afford it, they say."

A great deal of crying and scuffling at my cabin-door was now heard; we looked at one another.

"Let them alone," said Tom; "she has no doubt, made the children cry by some dismal talk. Now let her manage them herself; she has a right to be alone with her own nieces if she likes."

"You seem to forget, poor thing, that she has only heard within the last day or two of the death of her sister-in-law; really, I think she may be excused for being sorrowful."

"She took that matter very composedly," said Tom; "she even informed us that dear Fanchon had been a very bad manager, and a very bad match for her

brother. In fact, we thought she seemed to consider it a mark of the favour of Providence towards herself that her sister-in-law had been taken."

The remainder of that day was not at all comfortable. Miss Tott's tender regrets over the children always seemed to imply reproof of somebody else, and as they took a great dislike to her I found it difficult to make them behave tolerably. When at last they were put to bed, each insisted on taking her woolly dog with her, and as long as they could possibly keep awake, they made them bark at intervals. They had been well taken care of during the voyage, but not kept in order, and consequently they were troublesome. Mrs. Brand and I had not established much control, and while one was being dressed, she would set off and run round the cabin. Then the other would rebel in some infantine fashion, poking her fingers into the pomatum, or spilling my eau de Cologne. These things it would have been ridiculous to treat as serious offences, but by dint of grave looks, a little scolding, and a little coaxing, we got on pretty well, and they would soon have been very good children, but they chanced to be particularly full of spirits the first morning of their aunt's presence, and when she found that nothing she could say had any effect, she sat down in a corner and drooped, leaving Mrs. Brand and me to catch and dress the little rebels. When these operations were over, I lectured them both very gravely, and received kisses in token of penitence, but Miss Tott could not recover her spirits, and from that hour she never did anything for them, and seemed instinctively to shrink from interfering in the least.

She evidently knew nothing of children excepting from books. She expected to find some ready-tamed little mortals, calm, and rather depressed, instead of two chubby things, quite wild, unconscious of orphanhood, and mischievous, penitent, naughty, and good again every hour of the day.

To me they were the greatest amusement possible, and to Mrs. Brand a delight that it did one good to see; but they certainly did not do themselves justice that morning.

Nannette talked at prayers, and had to be carried out crying. Frances got away from Mrs. Brand while we were at breakfast, and ran triumphantly into the chief cabin, where her rash act was rewarded by Uncle Rollin, who gave her sausage and toast, and afterwards carried her on deck, to the great scandal of her aunt.

I had bought some black alpaca at Southampton, and after breakfast Mrs. Brand and I set to work to cut out frocks for the children, that we might take them to their grandmother in mourning clothes; and Mrs. Brand, cheerful and happy, in the prospect of having almost more to do that day than she could possibly accomplish, was such a pleasant companion, that I might have stayed below another hour, if Tom had not come to remind me that I had left Miss Tott to amuse herself as best she could, which did not seem altogether polite.

My uncle was in the chief cabin reading the morning papers, which had come in just before we sailed. I came on deck with my work, and found Miss Tott with Mr. Brandon and Tom sitting on deck-chairs under the awning. We were about ten miles south of Southampton; the sea was blue, the deep sky empty and bare, the sun hot, the air delightful.

"A shame to shut out such a firmament, is it not?" asked Mr. Brandon.

I replied without considering. "I should think so, if it was not absolutely empty and open."

"Indeed, and why?"

"Oh! because there is something so pathetic in those awful deeps of empty blue — something to fear in that waiting infinitude, with no islands up aloft, nothing that belongs to us; only God's great desert."

"You prefer to have some of it shut out; you want a tent over your head even when you are out of doors?"

"Yes, I like to feel enclosed, and in my home; clouds are very sublime no doubt, but not oppressively so."

Miss Tott, on hearing this, laid her hand on my arm, with an air not quite of reproof, but rather of tender pity.

"And yet," she said, "we ought not to shrink from nature in her deeper sublimities; nature in the dark midnight sky, and the green, surging billows — nothing else can so well soothe the racked and burdened mind, and still the turbid passions of the soul."

I had often heard people say this kind of thing, and read it in books, but my narrow experience had not yet brought it before me, and Miss Tott uttered her speech in a way that I rebelled against a little. She seemed so much to feel the sweetness and wisdom of her own words, and to fancy that she was tenderly instilling so much truth into a hardened nature, that, instead of making any reply, I felt an unworthy wish to shake off her hand;

however, I resisted this, and there it still lay, as if to appeal to my better self; my ordinary self being covered with blushes, because Tom and Mr. Brandon were looking at me. At last, I said, —

"No doubt the beauty and grandeur of the world is very invigorating, very elevating."

"You speak as of some abstract truth that you have nothing to do with."

"Miss Graham speaks of what will not always bear discussion," said Mr. Brandon, coming to the rescue; "her first words showed rather an over-sensitiveness to the influence of the sublime than the absence of it."

Miss Tott took no notice of him, but continued to gaze at me, and keeping her hand on my arm oppressed me further by saying with pensive compassion, —

"But is there no solace for the heart in communing with nature in her wilder moods, and coming to be healed by her when your spirit is crushed?"

The tender, old words, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" flashed across my mind and a thought of "the physician there;" but I was much too shy to put my thought into words, and answered instead, —

"I don't exactly know; I never am crushed."

"Ah!" she replied, withdrawing her hand, "you will be, some day."

"Don't, Miss Graham," exclaimed Mr. Brandon. "I wouldn't if I were you!"

I looked up; he and Tom sat opposite, enjoying the dialogue, but neither moved a muscle of his face; and, to my discomfiture, Miss Tott took up her crochet, and murmured some low sentence in which we distinguished the word "profane;" but she seemed to be more in sorrow than in anger, and as she worked, she handled the very needle with a tenderness that might have shown us the depth of her compassion for us.

Tom and Mr. Brandon glanced at one another with eyes that seemed to say, "We have got into a scrape," and presently, to my surprise, Tom said, in a tone of apparent feeling, —

"There is a sort of yearning after the infinite, a kind of a brooding over the irrevocable past, looking as it were over the vessel's side, to see the waves of existence pass slowly by, which —"

"Ah!" exclaimed Miss Tott, interrupting him. "I thought those speaking features could not have deceived me. I thought there must be a heart with such a voice as that."

I knew, of course, that he was amusing

himself at her expense, but I am not sure whether Mr. Brandon did.

"I say, old fellow," he exclaimed; "that sort of thing seems more like a dismal aggravation of a crushing process than a remedy."

"It's one that I always use," persisted Tom.

"Ah!" said Miss Tott again.

"Unless I'm *crushed quite flat*," continued Tom; "and then I find that nothing does me so much good as a bottle of soda-water—with—with a little brandy in it! What do you take, Brandon?"

"I am sick of the very word," said Mr. Brandon, with a short laugh. "I shall answer with your sister that I never am crushed, I would rather be excused."

"Oh! but it's nonsense to struggle," said Tom, appealing to Miss Tott with his eyes. "You may kick and struggle as much as you like, but you must submit."

"I won't," he repeated, coolly. "At least, not if I can possibly help it; and not for long together, as long as I can speak a word or wag a finger I won't admit that I'm crushed. It was never intended that I should be. I hate the word. I hate the feeling it describes. Trouble does not come by chance—it is sent to make us rise, not to make us sink."

"All right," said Tom; "but we were not talking of any trouble worth mentioning! I like to hear him fire up," he continued, audaciously looking at us.

Miss Tott opened wide her dark eyes.

"What is that?" she exclaimed, very tartly.

"We were not talking of the troubles of widows and orphans, you know, of pinching poverty and remorse for crime, or the agonies of broken bones and carking care," said Tom, addressing her with suave gravity. "We were talking of poetical yearnings, and general dissatisfaction, of dyspeptic nervousness, and the discomfort of having nothing to do. I am sure I ought to speak feelingly of these ills. No one is a greater martyr to them than I am."

"It is very evident," said Miss Tott, with exceeding sharpness; "that none of you have ever known any trouble worth the name."

"Even if we have," I ventured to say, "surely the good has outweighed the evil."

"What, in this world of sorrow?" she answered. "You do not know what you are talking of."

"I beg your pardon. I did not mean to vex you."

"I am not vexed: but your remark is contrary to reason, religion, and experience."

"To experience, perhaps; but is it contrary to religion?"

"Of course it is. Did not our Saviour say, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation?'"

"Yes; but, perhaps he may have meant that his religion would never exempt them from ordinary ills, nor from that envy of the wicked which makes them sometimes persecute the good."

"I think he meant that they should be afflicted."

"But they knew that before," said Mr. Brandon. "They knew that earth was not paradise."

"Then you wish to prove that our Saviour's words meant nothing."

"On the contrary; they were meant (among other things) to inform the first disciples that in their day would come the worst trouble that the world had ever known. And now it is over—now the Christian nations are richer, wiser, healthier, and stronger than other people."

"What do you mean by other people?"

"All but professed Christians."

Miss Tott was silent for a while, till seeming to remember a point that would yield her some triumph, she turned to Mr. Brandon and exclaimed,—

"Pray, did you feel inclined during the shipwreck to think lightly of trouble, and to be as philosophical as you are to-day?"

"I have often been in danger before," he answered, hastily; "so has Graham."

"But what did you think?"

This was rather an unkind cut, and I thought, considering the circumstances, a little ungrateful. He was not willing to discuss the matter, so he tried to put her off by saying,—

"I thought what a number of bones there were in the human frame."

"That was an odd reflection, surely."

"Not at all, if most of them are bruised, and you have nothing to lie on but planks and spars."

"And after that?" she said, still questioning him as if for his good and to elicit some better feeling.

"Too much to be repeated easily. My Yankee friend and I had a great deal to do; but I believe we both felt very strongly the sweetness of life."

"And what next?" she continued, whereupon he gave way to the pressure and replied,—

"I felt the baser part of my nature rising up within me; thoughts so distinct,

that they seemed to come from without, buzzed in my ears like wasps. They represented it as hard that the presence of worn-out women and helpless children should make my chance of life so much fainter; hunger, wet, fatigue and pain, things that had stood aloof from me before drew near, and made me feel their weight and power. They gnawed at my heart and chilled my blood."

"But I suppose you did not feel crushed?" said Miss Tott, in the clearest tones of her high-pitched voice.

He seemed to dislike this question exceedingly, and yet to be determined to answer.

"No."

"What did you feel?" she asked.

"I felt that this world was utterly gone by, but that the other world was not so near as it had often been in times of no danger at all. It was not within our grasp; there was something first to be felt and to be seen—but though all was lost and as yet nothing gained I believed it would be gained. After that there came a time of forgetfulness, I did not hear, or feel, or see anything."

"And all this while you were not overwhelmed?"

"I did not expect to live after the first twenty-four hours, because the pitching of the raft put us in such imminent danger, but I did not despair."

"Ah! well, we need not argue about the meaning of words; some of us are better able to bear distress than others; indeed, some of us feel it far less."

This was the very thing that I had anticipated when talking with him some days before, but he did not seem to remember it.

"Then the worst thing you felt when you became exhausted," she said, "was a kind of forgetfulness."

"Oh no, it was not!" he exclaimed; and such a look of horror leapt out of his eyes as for the moment quite astonished us.

He seemed to be collecting his thoughts.

"We had been lashed together," he said, "and I have some sort of recollection of going down and down an almost endless flight of steps, and thinking that I must and would get to the bottom before I died. After that came a terrible time, when I seemed to be hemmed in by something intensely black, and an awful thought pressed me down, that I was dead—and it was not what I had expected! I felt sure I was dead, and I appeared to go spinning on with that thought for years."

Curiosity got the better of Miss Tott here. She quite forgot to point the obvious moral.

"Was that in the yacht?" she said.

"I think it must have been, because of the steps; besides what enabled me at last to struggle out of that blackness and horror was the touch of something soft on my forehead. I gathered sense by it to perceive that I was still in the body, and I opened my eyes."

He paused, and a smile came over his face.

"I saw a vision," he said; "I knew not what else it could be, and I saw light."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Tott. Here was an experience that just suited her. "What was the vision?"

"I saw a small hand—a child's hand I thought it was at first, and it appeared to hover before my face. There was something bright in it, through which the light was shining. The child—the angel—whatever it might be—was leaning over me, but I only saw the hand. It offered me bread, too; but my senses were so dim that I connected something sacramental with this bread and wine, and would not touch it because my hands and my lips were so begrimed. Then I went back into the blackness again and the hand floated away; but a voice, inexpressibly sweet and pathetic, appeared to be reasoning with me. I heard the sound, but could not understand the words; and, after what seemed to be a mighty struggle, I got my eyes open, and there was the hand again, and the long folds of a gown floated down at my side."

"Was it very beautiful?" said Miss Tott, in a tone of pleasure and awe; "was it in white?"

"It was my sister, of course," exclaimed Tom; for he saw that she was completely mystified. "It was Dorothea."

Never shall I forget the look of astonishment and contempt she darted at me when she heard this; she drew up her head and set her lips as if she scorned me, and would not on any account have betrayed such interest if she could only have known what this really meant.

He certainly had not intended to mislead, and answered her last question without looking at her.

"Yes, in white, I think. I did not see the face, and the hand appeared to hover before me till I came more to myself. Then I drank the wine and ate something, and was in this world again."

Miss Tott attracted my attention the more strongly because she was the first

person I had met with who, admiring misery, was very anxious to be thought a sufferer. She liked to talk about being stricken, and also when she and I were alone of the great expense it would be to her to go into deep mourning again.

No doubt if it is a very fine and interesting thing to be stricken, many more people will be stricken than would be the case in the days when people believed that great afflictions were punishments for heinous sins, and "those eighteen" were thought by their neighbours much wicked-er folks than themselves.

Miss Tott did not care to pursue the subject of the visionary hand. She returned to her former thought, and said with a sigh, —

"Some people feel things less keenly than others."

"No doubt," he answered; "and some of us think it mean and cowardly to be always looking at the dark side; if we refuse to look at it therefore, no wonder we cannot see it."

"On the contrary, others feel that yearning for sympathy which makes it sweet to commune with some friendly and feeling heart," said Miss Tott, sharply.

"Sympathy is a skittish and perverse nymph; demands too much, and she gives nothing. When a soldier has lost his arm, if he were to go whining about the world lamenting over it everybody would despise him; but if he holds his tongue, and carries his empty sleeve carelessly, all the girls are in love with him."

"We expect a soldier to be brave."

"Certainly, and thus we help to make him so."

"There are many things which are far more hard to bear than loss of limbs," said Miss Tott, severely, and as if she claimed for herself a large share of them.

"We talk without book, having no experience in loss of limbs. I suppose disgrace may be worse—and remorse." I am bound to say that he spoke with a certain hesitation, and added, "I think it only honest to confess that I never had anything to bear that I consider at all comparable to the misery of carrying timber about with me in the shape of a leg or arm. However handsomely it might be made I'm sure the joints would creak," he added, thoughtfully.

"I was not speaking of remorse," said Miss Tott, "I meant such things as loss of friends, disappointment of one's fondest wishes, a hopeless attachment, the death of its object, inconstancy."

Mr. Brandon was silent.

"I consider constancy all stuff," said Tom, "unless it exists on both sides."

"Good heavens!" murmured Miss Tott.

"For," proceeded this hardened young man, "legs and arms won't grow again; but a jilted man has 'all the world before him where to choose.'"

Mr. Brandon laughed, but he looked uneasy, and the subject seemed to please Miss Tott, who said to Tom, with drooping eyelids and pensive sweetness of expression, "We should hardly speak of this, should we, Mr. Graham, before we know anything about it?"

"Meaning," said Tom, "that I know nothing about it."

"You are young," she replied, with a sort of tender, regretful look at him.

"But not without experience; I have been in love times out of number. I don't mean to say that I have been refused at present; that may be because I have not yet gone the length of making an offer."

"When you do, may you escape that sorrow," she answered, in a tone that was a strange contrast to his banter.

Mr. Brandon evidently winced under this talk: such an unmistakable twinge of dislike passed over his face that I ventured to change the subject by asking some question relative to our rate of sailing.

He looked up to answer with the air of a man who feels himself to be found out, but he took instant advantage of the opportunity to get away, rising and saying that he would go and make some inquiries.

His departure broke up the conference. Miss Tott said she should like to walk about. Tom offered his arm, and I ran below to my cabin to take my finished work down and bring up the children. They were just awake after their morning sleep; but before we had done dressing them to come on deck, Tom knocked loudly at the door, exclaiming, "Here's a pretty state of things: the sea is rising a little, and Miss Tott begins to look very pale. You had better come to her."

I met her coming down. "O let me lie down!" she murmured, "O, this terrible giddiness!"

I gave her to Mrs. Brand, — the usual thing followed; but I observed that she bore it quite as well as other people.

CHAPTER XV.

"To his own master, he standeth or falleth."

How much people talk about their first impressions of a foreign country. It was about six o'clock, and dark with thunder-clouds, and pouring with rain, when I was

told we had entered the French harbour, and were lying opposite to the Douane. My luggage, consisting of one little box, was landed, so was Miss Tott's; and we waited on board till it had passed, sitting under umbrellas. Poor Miss Tott was fainting for air and longing to get away from the scene of her misery. Uncle Rollin, at the last moment, took alarm and declined to land, but said he would wait at Havre till we returned from Chartres. It was, therefore, a point of honor to be as quick as we could, and I found that Mr. Brandon and Tom had decided on our going on to Chartres that same evening; a cab was waiting to convey us on to the railway station. We had dined; but poor Miss Tott had eaten nothing since breakfast, so I made Brand give us a goodly basket of provisions to carry with us.

We were a party of six, including the children. Miss Tott and I were surprised to find ourselves in a decided mist, we had hardly expected mist out of England. The rain was uncommonly like English rain. The railway carriage had the same defect, — this was disappointing; but we had the satisfaction of hearing the railway officials quarrelling in real French. Nothing to be seen: rain, mist, thunder-clouds. We soon unpacked our great basket of provisions. Miss Tott was terribly vexed at having to eat an English pigeon pie and salad on French soil; and after that, slices of cake, also such a thoroughly English dish! and then Stilton cheese; and, lastly, strawberries; but by ten o'clock we had done all this with appetite, and then taken off the children's hats and laid them on the seat to go to sleep.

As the dusk came on the rain ceased, and Miss Tott and I gazed diligently out of the windows; but darkness, we were obliged to own, looked much the same everywhere.

We saw hardly anything, even when we reached Paris; for the children woke up and cried most piteously. We were soon shut up in a room with numbers of people half of whom spoke as good English as ourselves, and then the officials, storming at Mr. Brandon and the parcels we wanted to have with us, hustled us into a carriage, where, to our disgust, we had to sit for at least ten minutes before the train started.

We slumbered while it was dark, and day had just dawned on a perfectly flat country, when we first saw the graceful spires of Chartres Cathedral.

All very tired, some very cross, we drove to an hotel, and straightway went to bed

till nine o'clock, when I woke and peeped out.

Ah, yes, this was foreign indeed! — a fine broad *place*, houses with two or three tiers of windows in the roof, women without bonnets, the clatter of wooden shoes, and a vast amount of joyous jabbering. A big diligence at the door, with three white cart-horses harnessed abreast thereto. (It looked like a haystack on wheels, and was covered with a tarpaulin). A market and a fair going on, tables with smoking-hot coffee, and round loaves in the shape of a ring upon them; bakers' boys bringing these round their arms, and round their necks, great heaps of apples, pears, late cherries, stacks of plums, stains of fruit all over the stones, great rugged melons that did not seem half ripe, tiny French men and French women sitting on them in their little blue pinafores and wooden shoes, and the sun pouring down over all as it never can in England so early in the morning. Inside, the windows swarmed with flies, and the floor was tiled: cheering sights, so foreign.

Miss Tott and I dressed the children in their new clothes, then we rang, were conducted to a *salon*, where we found Tom and Mr. Brandon, and where we ate a remarkable breakfast, consisting of fried potatoes, rice-pudding, eggs, rolls as long as our arms, boiled pigeons, and wine.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION.

By JOHN PIGGOT, JUN., F.S.A.

DISCOVERIES of rare books and historical MSS. like those at Lamport Hall, Northants, in 1867, the seat of Sir Charles Isham, Baronet,* and in the following year at Crowcombe Court, Somerset, the seat of a branch of the ancient family of Carew,† showed the desirableness of a Commission to make enquiry as to the places in which MSS. and papers of gen-

* Here, in a lumber-room, a hitherto unknown edition of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, dated 1599, was found bound up with a copy of *The Passionate Pilgrim* of the same date, only one other copy of which was previously known. We refer our readers to Mr. Edmond's account of the discovery in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, II. 1867, p. 608; and I. 1868, p. 217.

† *Report of the Council of the Camden Society*, 1868. The Director of this Society examined the 120 volumes of MSS. forming this important collection. They were carefully preserved in a recess converted into a closet, and had not been inspected by any competent person within the memory of any one living.

eral public interest are deposited. Such a Commission was appointed in 1869; in 1870 the First Report was issued, in 1871 the Second; and in the following paper we propose giving an account of some of the most interesting documents brought to light. The First Report was so successful that three editions, or 1625 copies, have been disposed of showing the interest taken by the general public in the matter.

One hundred and eighty persons and heads of institutions expressed their willingness either to co-operate with the Commissioners, or requested their aid in making known the contents of their collections; and the result was that a number of papers of great utility in the illustration of history, constitutional law, science, and general literature, have been brought to light. The Commissioners in their First Report state that as far as their enquiries have extended, very important and valuable materials have been discovered, illustrating some of the least known periods of the history of Great Britain, from the Saxon era down to the end of the seventeenth century. They hope that, with enlarged powers of compiling and publishing calendars of the more important papers that may be brought before them, they will be able to render a most essential service to the historical student, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world. We now turn to their First Report. A valuable collection, almost unknown, was brought under the notice of the Commissioners. They were found in the House of Lords, but are not referred to in any printed Report of the contents of their lordship's muniment rooms. They were brought to light by the late Mr. John Bruce, who was engaged in an historical enquiry. A portion of these (29,507) have been examined and arranged, and the Commissioners hope that the remainder will be treated in the same manner. Many of the papers found illustrate the Journals of the House of Lords, or rather are the original documents to which constant reference is made in those time-honoured registers. No copy of a document was ever received by the Lords in evidence, and even the House of Commons sent the originals, retaining copies for themselves. Some important letters from Charles I. to his queen were found among these, and were the identical ones taken in his cabinet at Naseby, portions of which (detrimental to him) were published by the Parliament. The Commissioners print several letters which were not noticed by the Parliament at all.

Here was found also the original letter, wholly in the handwriting of Charles I., addressed to the House of Lords, May 11, 1641, recommending that the Earl of Strafford should be imprisoned for life rather than be executed, "although he, the king, had satisfied the justice of the kingdom by the passing of the Bill of Attainder against the earl." The Peers offered to return the letter, but he replied: "My Lords, what I have written to you I shall be content it be registered by you in your House. In it you see my mind. I know you will use it to my honour." The original petition was found of Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his own handwriting, while a prisoner in the Tower. He had been required to give the presentation of St. Leonard's, Foster Lane, to a Mr. George Smith, and he requests them to allow Mr. Smith to come; that he may examine respecting his fitness. The Commissioners note the discovery of a document of great national importance, viz. the original manuscript of the Book of Common Prayer, which was annexed to the Statute 13 and 14 Car. II. c. 4. The Parliamentary Commissioners, in 1645, issued an order abolishing the Book of Common Prayer and Charles II., upon his restoration, took the earliest opportunity to re-establish the worship sanctioned by the Acts of Uniformity of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. In March 1661, he appointed certain Commissioners to revise the Book of Common Prayer, and make such alterations as they thought fit. This altered copy was ordered to be appended to the Act, and so remained till the beginning of this century when a clergyman, who was permitted to consult it, severed it from the original roll. With it was found a volume, printed in 1636, containing about 600 MS. alterations, as well as some new forms of prayer. The Commissioners hope that the Books of Common Prayer attached to the Act of Uniformity of King Edward VI. and Elizabeth may yet be discovered among the buried treasures of the House of Lords.

The Duke of Rutland's Collection at Belvoir Castle contains 4,000 deeds of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, largely used in Nichols's *History of Leicestershire*. There are also a number of household books of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Among the MS. volumes is a fine Psalter of the twelfth century on vellum, adorned with illuminations. This is a magnificent work of English art.

The Hatton collection was contained in

thirteen chests, full of documents of inestimable value, in chaotic confusion. These have all been carefully arranged. Among the early deeds may be mentioned one of R., Earl of Warwick, (1123-53); another by Arnoul, Bishop of Lisieux (1141-82); Empress Matilda (1167); Edmund, son of Henry III. (1186); and a number of papal bulls. A careful list of the autograph letters will be found in the Report. One portfolio contains letters of Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., William III., Queen Anne, Pedro II. King of Portugal, Catherine Queen of Portugal, &c.

Lord Mostyn's collection contains a number of News Letters and private letters, chiefly from 1673 to 1692, of a highly interesting character; the News Letters are unsigned. The parliamentary news seems to have been obtained through the Clerks of Parliament, and it appears from one of the papers in the present collection that a number of coffee-house keepers were summoned before the House of Commons, and the Clerk of the House was forbidden to furnish copies of the Minutes to be read at the coffee-houses. These News Letters are full of Court and City gossip, accounts of duels, murders, &c. We have notices of Nell Gwynne, of the Popish Plot, of Titus Oates standing in the pillory at Tyburn, of the great fire in the Temple (1678) when Mr. Ashmole's collection of curiosities was consumed. A private letter gives a long account of the trial of College, the Protestant joiner; mentions King Charles's visit to Newmarket; the custom of bonfires, and burning the Pope on the anniversary in November of Queen Elizabeth's coronation; proceedings in the Court of Chivalry; the birth of the Prince of Wales, son of James II., and the fee of 500 guineas to the midwife, &c.

Lord Herries, of Everingham Park, possesses a cartulary of the monastery of S. Nicholas of Drax; a large collection of the original charters of the same house from 1089; fine Bible of the thirteenth century; a quarto volume on vellum, written in the fourteenth century, containing the French poem by William de Wygtonne called the "Manuel des Pêchés"; a magnificent antiphonarium of the fifteenth century on vellum, written for the use of the Metropolitan Church of York. The collection contains a number of devotional and liturgical MSS. of the fifteenth century, and a large collection of family correspondence of the early part of the eighteenth century.

The Shrewsbury papers consist of a

number of charters, from Edward I. to Edward IV. throwing a good deal of light on the early topographical history of England, and the papers of Sir Gilbert Talbot, K. G., Deputy-Governor of Calais, under Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Two of the latter refer directly to Perkyng Warbeck. There are original documents of Elizabeth of York, Catherine of Aragon, and Prince Henry (afterwards Henry VIII.), Charles II. and James II., and three letters in the writing of "Thomas Wolsey." There is a deed of acquittance between King Henry VII. and Richard Gardynere, Alderman of London, on the return of "a salte of golde with a cover stonding upon a morene garnysht with perles and precious stones." This piece of plate had been pledged by King Richard to Gardynere for 66l. 13s. 4d.

Among the papers at Montacute House, Somersetshire, are interesting letters &c. of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh are rare; there is one here addressed by him to Sir Edward Pheppis, Master of the Rolls, beseeching him "to give some end to the unchristian sute which Sanderson hath against me," &c. Mr. Horwood, who examined this collection, found that one bundle labelled *Law Papers* consisted of original Council letters and depositions of witnesses and other valuable documents relating to the Gunpowder Plot. These must have been at Montacute ever since the year 1612.

The library of John Tollemache, Esq., of Helmingham Hall, Suffolk, contains some rare MSS.; among them the splendid Anglo-Saxon volume, King Alfred's translation of Orosius; Trevisa's translation into English of Bartholomew de Glanville's work *De proprietatibus rerum*, a fine illuminated MS. on vellum; the only MS. known of *Sir Genneries*, a long romance in English verse; several volumes containing materials for the History of England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; early MSS. containing the statutes to the end of Edward I. and statutes in French to 9 Henry VI.; and D'invinit is represented by several splendid MSS. of the Bible, and some of the Fathers and other works; six or seven volumes of the Fathers are of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and some of them came from the Monastery of St. Osyth, in Essex. Most of the collections were formed by Lionel Tollemache, temp. James I. Mr. Horwood noted a letter of Charles II., to a lady, while an exile in Paris: "It is," he says, "perfect in composition and stately grace."

The Duke of Manchester's collection at Kimbolton Castle contains letters of Charles I., William III., Sophia, Electress of Hanover, George her son (afterwards George I.) the great Marlborough, Prior, Addison, Charles James Fox, and Horace Walpole's to George Montague, 226 in number. At Blickling Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, are some fine MSS. on vellum; a folio Psalter on vellum, written in Lombardic characters, with Anglo-Saxon glosses over many of the words; a volume of Anglo-Saxon Homilies of the tenth century; a number of copies of letters to Mr. Grenville, Lord Halifax, and the Earl of Sandwich, from John, second Earl of Buckingham, while ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg, giving great insight to the Court of Catherine II., its political and social intrigues. At Crome Court, Worcestershire, the official papers of Sir Thomas Coventry, afterwards Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal from 1626 to 1639, are preserved. The Earl of Macclesfield's papers contain George Stepney's correspondence, 1694 to 1707, relating to the negotiations in which Stepney was employed during this bustling period, to the movements of the allied armies, the Electors of Germany, &c. Earl St. Germans, of Port Eliot, Cornwall, has letters of Gibbon the historian to the first Lord Eliot, which throw a good deal of light on his parliamentary career. The Earl of Zetland's collection contains documents relating to the rebellion of 1745. The papers at Tabley House, Cheshire, consist of a vast amount of matter collected by Sir Peter Leycester (an ancestor of Lord de Tabley), on the history of Cheshire and of his own family. Sir J. S. Trelawny's collection at Trelawne, Cornwall, contains a great number of ancient deeds and rolls relating to lands in Cornwall and elsewhere; also hundreds of letters to and by Bishop Trelawny (one of the seven imprisoned bishops); and Mr. Almack's is rich in early deeds relating to Norfolk, Suffolk, Cheshire, and Lancashire, and has some important historical letters.

Mr. H. T. Riley visited Cambridge, and examined the muniments and papers in several of the colleges there. We note some of the most interesting items in his Report. *Corpus Christi College*:—A number of parchment Bede and other rolls, containing curious information relating to the Guild of St. Mary, at Cambridge. The account books of this guild are very interesting, and begin in 1349. Mr. Riley gives items from these. The ancient deeds in the possession of the college are very nu-

merous. One document bears reference to the insurrection headed in London by Wat Tyler, and at Cambridge by Edward Lyster, the mayor, and James de Grancetre. Of about the date 1381 there is a supplication addressed to the King in French, setting forth that a great part of the houses belonging to the College in Cambridge had been burnt, and their muniments carried away. In a description of books belonging to the College in 1400 there is this item: "The seventh book is a Bible, which Master John Kynne, Master of the College, bought at Northampton, at the time (1380) when the Parliament was there, for the purpose of reading therefrom in hall at the time of dinner; and there is a red line at the beginning, above the text, containing these words of the Epistle of Jeronymus to Paulinus, the Presbyter, &c." The descriptions of the vestments, cups, relics, and jewels of the college, are full of valuable and curious items. The horn thus described is still in the possession of the college: "Also a great horn in English called *bugel*, with feet silver gilt, and the head of an emperor at the end silver gilt, having also a silver cover, at the top of which are four acorns silver gilt." This horn was given to the Guild of Corpus Christi by John Goldcorn, one of its aldermen in the fourteenth century.

King's College.—In this collection are several volumes of interesting original letters, chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a number of college accounts, containing curious items. Another volume contains an account of the expenditure on continuing the building of the College Chapel in 23 and 24 Henry VII. This has been overlooked in the printed History of the Chapel.

Pembroke College.—Here are a number of interesting deeds relating to the foundress, Mary de St. Paul, Countess of Pembroke, papal bulls, royal licenses, &c. There is a "Book of Emptions" of the household of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, from 18 Henry VIII. to 19 Henry VIII., of considerable value and much interest. It came to the college probably through its connection with Framlingham, Suffolk. The inventories of plate and ornaments (1488) in the Great Register are curious. Mr. Riley, in his Report, gives extracts from these. Another volume contains copies of between 700 and 800 charters and deeds, mostly executed by English sovereigns (King John more especially), between Edgar and the later Saxon Kings and the end of the reign of Edward I.

St. John's College is rich in early deeds connected with the monasteries of Lillechurche (Kent), Ospringe (Kent), and Bromehall (Berks), the lands of which were granted as an endowment to the college. Among these is the original grant of King John, in the third year of his reign, of the manor of Lillechurche to the "Abbey of S. Mary of St. Sulpice, and the Prioress and Nuns, &c.;" also a bull of Alexander III., sanctioning the foundation of the priory, and a bull of Pope Martin V. (1520), sanctioning the appropriation of the houses of Lillechurche and Bromehall to the foundation of St. John's College. There is also a Mortuary Roll, *perhaps the largest known*, in favour of Ampelissa, a deceased prioress of Lillechurche (*temp.* Edward I.), 50 or 60 feet long; it is signed by about 363 religious houses in England, setting forth that the deceased shall have the benefit of their respective suffrages from that period. It is of great value as showing the current style of writing in each religious house at the close of the thirteenth century. A brief from William, Bishop of Sabina (1247), solicits the alms of the faithful in favour of the Hospital of St. John the Evangelist at Cambridge, which was unable from want of means to take in all the sick poor resorting thereto. All givers were to have forty days' remission from penance. Several books contain accounts of expenses, furniture, &c., of Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, and foundress of the college, full of items of the most interesting character. One of these sets forth the contents of her wardrobe at Hatfield (*temp.* Henry VIII.); another is an inventory of all the furniture at Hatfield. The inventory of her "chapel stuff" at Coleweston is very curious. There is a paper volume also, containing a detailed statement of the accounts of the executors of Lady Margaret to 1511, a document of considerable interest.

Queens' College, the Registry of the University, and St. Peter's College, contain account books and papers of great interest. In the Registry are original letters, of high historical value, of the times of Elizabeth and James. Mr. Riley prints an interesting *Computus* or Bursar's Roll of St. Peter's College, 1388-9, which throws great light upon the requirements and usages of scholastic life at that period.

Trinity College possesses, besides fine charters, Bursars' Books, containing curious entries. Turf was the principal fuel, and "Ely turfs" were considered the best,

as being cut of the largest sizes. In 1337 the first clothing for the scholars seems to have been found by the Prior of St. Neot's: "Be it remembered that the Master received from the Prior of St. Neot's for the robes and furs of 35 scholars for the 11th year, 41l. 7s. 2d." Knives and wine are frequently entered as being given as presents for gaining the good will of the great and their dependants in those days. In 1342 the Bursar expended 18s. 2d. "for knives and penceases and inkhorns given to our friends at Court." Mr. Riley says that from the number of sollars, solers, or *sun-chambers* (fitted with bay windows probably) King's Hall was commonly known in Cambridge (at least during the fourteenth century) as "Sollar's Hall;" and that this is the long-sought college which Chaucer mentions in the *Reve's Tale*, as "Solere's Hall," and of which he is supposed to have been a member.

The documents and papers at Westminster Abbey are of great value and interest. Mr. Burt has for some time been engaged in arranging and examining them, and it is hoped that some may be printed. We note one or two curious items:—Letter of Maud de Clare, Countess of Gloucester and Hertford, to the Prior and Convent of Westminster, hoping they will not take in ill part the long stay which the friar Dan Henry is making with her. To let him leave her with the relic which they had allowed her to have for so long before she was better than at present would be a great discomfort to her. Inventory of the jewels and precious stones belonging to the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and others belonging to the Monastery of Westminster, taken away and borrowed by the king for the purpose of raising money thereon, and promised to be returned within a year from Michaelmas (51 Henry III.). A list of precious stones, apparently supplied by Roger, a goldsmith of Westminster, for a golden image (*temp.* Edward I.). Grant by King Richard II. to the Abbot &c. of Westminster, of a certain ring with a precious ruby inserted therein, for the shrine of the Confessor, with the condition that he might use the said ring when in England; but that it was to be placed on the shrine when the king went abroad, and to be used for the coronation of the king's successors.

In the collection of the Dean and Chapter of York is the Oath Book, or Text of the Gospels in Latin, a quarto volume written on vellum at a date prior to the Norman Conquest, on which the Canons

of the Cathedral made oath from early times. This exquisitely written volume, Mr. Riley says, is of inestimable value. It has additions to it as to relics in the thirteenth century, a list of relics in the church of Sherburn, in Saxon, being added. There are also measures of land in Saxon, and part of a homily of Wulstan in the same language.

From Dr. Stuart's Reports on the collections in Scotland we find that valuable materials for history remain comparatively unnoticed. The Duke of Hamilton's collection at Hamilton Palace contains historical papers of great value. Among them are twelve volumes of original letters and State Papers on affairs betwixt Scotland and England in the time of James V. and his daughter, Queen Mary. They probably belonged to the English Privy Council, then established at York. The documents at Gordon Castle, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, consists of a valuable series of the charters of the numerous lands and baronies of which the family became possessed, and a most imposing collection of bonds of manrent friendship, and alliance, by the leading families of the north of Scotland, from 1444 to 1670, testifying, as Dr. Stuart observes, the enormous following which could be relied on by the head of the Gordons. There is also a collection of letters of considerable political importance addressed to the Duke of Richmond by different correspondents in 1744, 1745, and 1746. The Earl of Dalhousie, at Brechin Castle, has a fine manuscript of Fordun's Chronicle, with Bower's continuation, which Dr. Stuart says it would be very desirable to collate with the MSS. used by Hearne and with those in the Libraries of the Advocates and the University of Edinburgh, and in the British Museum. This fine copy is distinguished from others by illuminated initial letters. It is of the date *circa* 1480.* The late Bishop Kyle's MSS. at Buckie contain seventy-two original letters of Queen Mary of Scotland, addressed for the most part to James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and an immense collection of letters and papers connected with the ecclesiastical history of Scotland from 1597. A MS. *History of the Scottish College at Paris*, in the library of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh, contains one of the earliest and most authentic portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, executed *circa* 1565, in Indian ink. In the library of the

University of Edinburgh is the Protest by the nobles of Bohemia and Moravia, addressed to the Council of Constance on September 2, 1415, in reference to the burning of John Hus and Jerome of Prague. This is authenticated by one hundred signatures and as many seals, and was bequeathed to the University in 1657 by Dr. William Guild, of King's College, Aberdeen. There are a number of important Scottish State Papers in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

We now turn to the Second Report, which equals, if not exceeds, the first in interest and importance, and will first examine the collections to note the monastic treasures contained in them. Among the MSS. of the Right Hon. Countess Cowper, at Wrest Park, Beds, is a fine folio fourteenth-century Cartulary of Crowland Abbey, made originally in the reign of Edward III.; a register or breviary of the charters granted to the Abbey of St. John Baptist, Colchester (thirteenth century), and the Leger Book of the same abbey (fifteenth century). A number of charters and ancient documents from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, connected with the Monastery of Tywardreth, Cornwall, are in Lord Arundell of Wardour's collection. Lord Leigh has a very valuable Leger Book of the Monastery of Stoneley-in-Arden (fourteenth century), compiled by Thomas Pype (or Thomas de Weston), the eighteenth abbot. The charter chests of the family of Neville, of Holt, Leicester, contain twenty ancient grants to the Monastery of Bradeley. A pedigree of the Carringtons of the North shows that Sir John Carrington (a partisan of Richard II.), fearing Henry IV., fled abroad, and assumed the name of Smyth. After some time he returned and made himself known to the Abbot of St. Osyth, in Essex, and lived with him there.

Of books, Colonel Carew's (of Crowcombe Court) MS. copy of the Evangelia according to St. Jerome, a splendid manuscript of the tenth century, is especially deserving of notice. Mr. T. Duffus Hardy gives a careful analysis of its contents. Lady Cowper has a fine folio volume of Higden's *Polyconicon*, in Latin (given by John Clyate to Windsor Herald, who bequeathed it to J. Wrythes, Garter King-at-Arms), and a fifteenth century folio volume, containing an English metrical version of the *Questions of Sydrac*. Besides a fifteenth century *Tretyse of the Seven Poyntes of Trewe Love*, Mr. Ormsby Gore has a letter book of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, containing copies of

* Mr. W. F. Skene is preparing an essay upon the various copies of Fordun which have come under his observation.

letters "by and to different Popes to and by various Kings of England and other countries," of great interest. This volume has been entrusted to Mr. Horwood for careful examination.

A letter written by William de Wykeham is kept in the Warden's Lodge, New College, Oxford. It is the only specimen of the handwriting of the illustrious man (except his signature) existing, and is supposed to refer to the ransom of the Duke of Bourbon, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers in 1356. It begins: "Tres chier Sire — Veuillez savoir que yci Dymenge je envoiay pur Canal;" and is addressed "To my very dear John Lord of Cobehame." The following is a translation: "Very dear Sir — Be pleased to know that this Sunday I sent for Canal, the *vadlet* of Simon Bachel, who came to me at Shene, where I spoke to him of the exchange of which you know; and this Monday he sent a *vadlet* to Paris, and charged him to be there with all the haste he may for the same reason. And the said Symon or Bartholomew Spifanie, his father, will send to their companions, at whatever place the Pope shall be, to have you speedily paid the sum of which it was spoken between us; so that there may be no need for you to go or send to Paris for this reason. For assuredly you will find the said payment before you in the hands of the said companions, at whatever place the Pope shall be found. Very dear Sir, may the Holy Spirit keep you in health. Written at Shene, in great haste, this Monday, upon my setting out. — WILLIAM DE WYKEHAME."

A deed in the charter chests of the family of Neville of Holt, dated July 8, 16 Richard II., establishes a new fact in the life of the great founder of New College, viz. that he made a considerable settlement of property in Oxfordshire on some of his kindred.

Wyclif was born in the same year (1324). Viscount Dillon, of Dychley, has a very valuable volume, written at the end of the fourteenth century, containing Wyclif's translation of the Gospels of SS. Matthew and Mark, with commentaries in English. This copy has passages from Grosstete on the abuses of the papal system. Lord Dillon has also a small folio, circa 1400, of Wyclif's translation of the New Testament. Some of the rolls of Queen's College, Oxford, have been quoted by the late Professor Shirley to prove the residence of John Wyclif in various years between 1363 and 1380; but the question cannot be settled without further particulars.

Some curious details respecting an English nunnery in the fifteenth century are given from three ancient rolls of the Nunnery of St. Radegund, in Jesus College, Cambridge. The following is a translation of the original of the first of these: "Cambridge. The Account of Dame Agnes Banaster, Treasurer and Receiver of the Houses there of the Blessed Mary and St. Radegunda, from the Eve of St. Michael the Archangel, in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of King Henry the Sixth (1449), to the Eve of St. Michael the Archangel thence next ensuing in the twenty-ninth year of the same King, being for one year." Roger Rede, of Hyntone, was paid 3s. 5d. for weaving 77 ells of cloth for the livery of the servants. "Also, for eight *warpes* (parcels of four) of fish called *lyng*, bought of John Antylle, at Ely Fair, at 8d. the warpe, making 5s. 4d.; with six warpes of *codde* at 61-2d. the warpe. For 1 quarter and 21-2 bus. of oatmeal bought this year for the kitchen at 8d. the bushel, 7s. For 32 pullets bought at Stantum, 2s. 8d. For 4 quarters of pease bought of John Presote, 11s. For a lamb bought of the clerk of St. Antony's, 6d. For two sheep bought of Master John Herryson, chaplain, 12d., and no more, *the rest being forgiven to the Society*. For a horse bought at the Fair of St. John the Baptist, 9s. 6d. For another horse bought of Richard Baker, of Bumstede, 4s. . . . For a sheep bought of Richard Sexteyne, 6d. . . . For the making and mending of horse-collars by one man hired for five days, 22d. (or 41-2d. a day). . . . Moneys paid to our lady the Prioress and the whole convent, for their clothing this year, in part payment of 66s. 8d., 43s. 8d., and no more." Under the head of *Hospitium*, or Guests' Hall, we have the large sum of 11l. 7s. 4d., for bread, ale, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, pork, hens, chickens, fish, &c., to be eaten in that place, so that the nunnery did not neglect the duties of hospitality. A cow, bought for the Guests' Hall, cost 6s. 8d. Under the head of *Data*, or Presents, we find 12d. entered "for a crane (*grure*) bought and given to the Chancellor of the University of the town of Cambridge, for his friendship in divers matters of our lady, the same being to the advantage of the Community." Among Miscellaneous Payments we select, "For the salary of Robert Palmere, confessor of the ladies this year, as in divers preceding years, 6s. 8d. For the salary of Master John Herryson, chaplain, celebrating mass for the ladies the whole time of

this account, 100s. . . . For the pay of John Euersdone, hired to plough the whole time of account, 26s. 6d. Also, for the pay of John Wyllameasone, shepherd, with 8d., the price of one pair of boots this year, 20s. 8d. For the pay of Joanna Graungyer, one of the handmaids of our lady (the Prioress), including 3s. 4d. given to her as a reward for provisional duties, 13s. 4d." The receipts of the house, according to this roll, amounted to 80l. 0s. 22 1-4d.; but according to the third roll, thirty years later in date, these had fallen to 31l. 15s. 8 1-2d.

In a list of the Masters of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, is this passage (*trans.*): "Be it remembered that A.D. 1465 died Edmond Shyreff after the Feast of St. Michael; against whom at the time of his election as Warden no slight opposition was formerly made by N. Bothe, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, who factiously attempted to usurp to himself the office of Warden. But the ambition of this man was far from prevailing; although in the meantime he most disgracefully made away with the best cup and the best piece of silver plate, together with as much money as he could scrape together. As to what was afterwards restored when he had reached a fatter preferment we are in ignorance." Mr. Riley points out that the Christian name of Booth, Bishop of Exeter, was John, and he attained to that dignity in 1475, seven years before Shyreff's election to the Wardenship.

The charters of Exeter College, Oxford, show that the foundation absorbed Bedford, Castle, Cheker, Culverd, Fragon, Godstowe, Hambury, Peter, Scheld, Scot, and St. Stephen Halls.

Mr. Riley's description of the documents of New College, Oxford, makes us hope that some of them will be carefully examined. He says that the *Liber Senescalli Coquina* (or Book of the Steward of the Kitchen), beginning *circa* 1386, contains the names of all the members of the College who dined in hall each day, who dined with them, and "in the margin there are a vast number of notes, many very indistinct, and others, though distinct, very minutely written; all which, no doubt, would well repay a thorough examination, as throwing light not only on the earliest history of the college, but at least to some extent upon the manners and usages of the day." From one of the books called *Liber Senescalli Aula* (Book of the Hall Steward), an office taken by the Fellows in turns, we take some entries, which show the variety in the *status* of persons dining

in hall, *circa* 1397: "On Saturday a Bedel (of the University) came to dine with the Fellows. On the same day came the farmer of Radclyve (Radcliffe, Bucks), the bailiff and miller of Tynchwyke (Tingewick, Bucks), the reeves of Awltone (now Alton Barnes, Wilts), and Sterte (Wilts), to dine with the Fellows."—P. 6. "On Thursday came three carpenters to dine with the Fellows. On Friday came the farmer of Hekfield to dine with the Fellows, his servant dining with the servants."—P. 25. "On Sunday W. Broun, the stonemason, came to dine with the Fellows, and another labourer to dine with the servants. On the same day came to dine with the Fellows a certain vadlet of Master Nicholas Wykham, and Thomas Glasier (the glazier), came to supper with the Fellows. On Thursday came a poor priest of Essex (Yssexia) to supper with the Fellows. On the same day came a charcoal burner (*carbonarius*) to dinner." Subsequent entries record that a brickmaker, a tiler, a skinner, a *Hermite*, two women of "Hornechirche," and a woman who fitted the albs and the boardcloths, dined with the Fellows on different occasions. At the end of a list of jewels belonging to the same college is this memorandum, in Latin, "Be it remembered that A.D. 1456, on the day of St. Cecilia the Virgin and Martyr (Nov. 22), the Venerable Father, Master Thomas Gascoigne, of the diocese of York, Professor of Holy Theology, gave to this college of the Blessed Mary of Winton, in Oxford, to the honour of God and of his glorious Mother Mary, and of all saints, the relics underwritten:—A portion of the sepulchre of God; of the place where Christ sweat blood; of the place where the Blessed Mary breathed forth her spirit; of the flesh of St. Paul; a bone of the Blessed Mary Magdalene; a bone of St. Vincent the Martyr; a bone of St. Ambrose the Doctor; two small bones of St. Brigit (Birgittæ) the Widow; a portion of the tomb of St. Gregory the Pope."

Of collections of documents which have only been partially examined, and which are likely to contain papers of more than local or family history, we may mention those of Lord Arundell of Wardour (containing 8,000 or 9,000 separate documents), Charles Berington, Esq., of Little Malvern Court, and the Ormonde muniments at Kilkenny Castle. Of the latter Mr. I. J. Gilbert says: "These archives, as yet unarranged and uncatalogued, are rich in unique original documents, and constitute an invaluable series for elucidating the history of the numerous important affairs

in which representatives of the Ormonde line were engaged from the twelfth to the fifteenth century."

Important sixteenth century MSS., mentioned in the Report, are contained in Lord Calthorpe's collection. These are known as the Yelverton MSS., formed by Robert Beale, Clerk of the Council to Queen Elizabeth, and many important papers relating to Mary Queen of Scots are contained in them. Documents relating to the same century are in the collections of Messrs. Bromley Davenport and Cottrell Dormer. A MS. found by Mr. W. H. Turner, of Turl Street, Oxford, now in the Bodleian, is an exceedingly interesting illustration of the usages of the period. It is an inventory, *circa* 1551, of the effects of John, Viscount Lisle, and Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, beheaded in 1553. The destination of all the articles is given; and it will surprise many to learn that the old coats were chiefly given to his sons, the old shirts were cut up to make handkerchiefs for his lordship; articles lost or stolen when staying at different houses are duly recorded; and it is quite evident that economy was by no means unstudied in this nobleman's establishment. A number of entries in the MSS. of the Corporation of Abingdon relate to payments made to players. We transcribe a few of these. "1551. Item. Geven in reward to my Lord of Wostars (Worcester's) players *vis. xd.* Item, given in reward to therle of Darbes players *vs. 1580.* Item, paid to my Lord of Shrosbures players *vis. 1579.* Item, given in reward to the Lord Bareleys players, at the commandment of Mr. Mayot, mayor, and by the hands of Mr. Leonell Bostock *vs.* Item, given the tomblars that plad befor Mr. Mayor and his company in reward *iiis. ix d.* Item, paid to therle of Baths players in reward *vs."* There are many entries of this nature, showing that the worshipful mayor and corporation of the borough were not above witnessing such dramatic representations.

We now select and arrange in chronological order the most interesting documents in the Report, relating to the great events of the seventeenth century, so as to form a series of new illustrations of the history and manners of a most eventful period.

The Camden Society are to be congratulated in having just published a selection from the valuable MSS. of the Hon. G. M. Fortescue, of Dropmore. The collection seems to have been made by John Packer, Secretary to the Duke of Buckingham,

and contains letters from Buckingham, Secretaries Lake, Calvert, Naunton, and Conway, the Earls of Suffolk, Middlesex, and Nottingham; and last, not least, letters from James I. and his daughter Elizabeth of Bohemia. More than five hundred of these letters are catalogued in the Report. Mr. Fitzmaurice points out that the most interesting is James's letter to the Commissioners for the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh. The king tells them he has read their letter, and objects to both the courses which they propose. A narrative of his proceedings not sufficient, and a public calling of him before the Council *will make him too popular, and will be too much honour for him.* He recommended that he should be called before those who have hitherto examined him, and charged, and after the sentence for his execution a declaration can be issued!

In the collection of Mr. Ormsby-Gore (of Brogyntyn, Salop) there is a vellum roll thirty feet long, showing "the funeral proceeding of Queen Anne from Denmark House in the Stronde to Westminster Abbey the 27 daie of May 1619," giving the order of the procession with banners, &c., beautifully coloured. Among the letters of this period in this collection is a copy, *circa* 1621, of one from James I. to Secretary Calvert, reproving the Commons about their assertion of their privileges. They said it was their inheritance, the monarch that it was by the grace and permission of his ancestors. Here we have the high regal ideas of the Stuarts which occasioned the downfall of their house.

Mr. Fitzmaurice states that since the publication of the First Report, the immense collection of Mr. Harvey, of Ickwell Bury, Beds, of printed pamphlets, broadsides, &c., relating to the political history of the seventeenth century, has been catalogued. He says, "It is probably as complete a collection as any can be of the publications of that time relating to the current events of the day, and it is luckily also in an admirable state of preservation."

Passing on to the reign of Charles I. we find in the report of Lord Wrottesley's MSS. an evidence that Charles was not much better than his father in the sale of dignities: "London, near Essex Gate, 1632. Sir William Devereux to Sir Hugh Wrottesley. Understands that somebody had possessed him that Sir Thomas Blother, of the Privy Chamber, offered him to be a baronet for 300*l.*, and that the King would make many for 200*l.* or 300*l.*; that the King was reserved; one offered 800*l.*, and could not get it. Thought he had performed the

office of a brother in getting it for 500*l*. If he had not been brother-in-law, and a descendant of the founder of the Garter, he had not gotten it so low." Nine years after J. Skeffington writes to Walter Wrottesley, March 6, 1641, offering a baronetcy, "the King having given a warrant with liberty to nominate a gentleman whom he or I think fit; gives him the first offer for 300*l*;" but six days after Thomas Pudsey writes to tell Walter not to think of the baronetcy. "It is thought those which have been made shall be cauld in question, and nothing shall be done but by Parliament. The King is gone, as we heard, for Yorke, and so for Scotland. Many of the Lords have been with him to intreat him to come to the toun, but all will not do. It is reported that he will not come to the toun until the Queen doth return, and that she hath made him take an oath (oath); but he has taken the prince along with him, which the Parliament are very sorry for it." A month before Pudsey writes:—"Strafford's tryal will be to-morrow senet. It is thought he will not come off well, for the axe or the rope may sarve his turne. The Bishop of Oxford is dead, and our bishop is not well. I think all have quesie stomachs, for they stand upon their good behaviour; for in the House some are for bishops and some for none, and if there be any they are to be allowed a partickelar stipant, so that their pride will be abated. The Prince of Orange's son is to come over very shortly and marry with our King's eldest daughter; the rightings are drawn all redy." On February 11, 1641, Thomas Crompton says:—"On Tuesday, as it is reported, 4000 Kentish men, horse and foot, came thro' London, and went to the Parlt. House. They had all papers in their batts, but the superscription as yet to us unknown. It is imagined they came on behalf of Sir E. Dering, Knight of the Shire, many being sorry for the censure and imprisonment upon him." On December 10, same year, he says, "The King is pleased with the entertainment in the City. Rewards and honours for the City."

Among the letters of the Dryden family in the possession of Sir Henry Dryden, Bart. (of Canons Ashby, county Northampton), is a letter dated Nov. 26, 1640, from Westminster. Sir John Dryden writes to his uncle, Richard Knightley, that he shall have his prayers, tho' he can not be so serviceable either to him or the country that hath set him (Dryden) in that place of trust. . . . "I suppose that the petitions that come from several counties

will take up some weeks, if not months, and then you may suppose what time they will take up in the thorough reformation of the grievances. The great business of the week has been the raising of the 100,000*l*. for the maintenance of the King's army and the relief of the northern counties. The money is borrowed some part from the City of London; 50,000*l*. is offered to be lent by one Mr. Hamson, one of the fermors of the Customs; for so many thousand pounds that shall be lent they are to be secured by bond of some gentlemen of the House until the Act be passed, and then the gentlemen are to have in their bonds. Yesterday the great charge the House of Commons has against the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was delivered to the Lords in the Painted Chamber by Mr. Pim." About a year and a half after this a demand was made for college plate in support of the monarchical cause. Accordingly we find in Mr. Riley's report on the MSS. of Exeter College, Oxford, several letters and papers relating to this demand. The Rector and Fellows sent a petition to the King that they considered themselves bound to keep their plate. But on being reminded that "the commonwealth of learning" was in danger, "and the colleges themselves not likely to outlive his Majesty, if he shall be destroyed in this rebellion," they submitted. The following receipt was forwarded them: "Received of the Rector and Fellows of ye Colledge of Exeter, in Oxford, in plate for his Majesty's service, by them presented as followeth: in white 208*lb*. 4*oz*. 8*dwt*.; for guilt plate 38*lb*. 0*oz*. 3*dwt*.; total, 246*lb*. 5*oz*. 1*dwt*. (Signed) Wm. Parkhurst, Thos. Bushell." The college had already given the King 300*l*. in the previous year. The Rector informed Mr. Riley that of the ancient college plate, a silver saltcellar and an ostrich egg, set in silver gilt, are the only articles which survived the requisition. From an Inventory Book of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, for 1610, it seems that Fellows entered their rooms partly furnished by the college. "In three cloister chamber, now Mr. Gorseleton's. Imprimis, a fayre standing bedsted, with carved vallance, and a testerne waynscotted and a truckle-bed under it, with mats and cords to both." The latter was for the scholar, as, according to the original statutes, the scholars slept in a bed placed below the Fellows."

Sir George Osborn, Bart. of Chicksands, Beds, has a most interesting collection of letters and papers relating to the defence of Castle Cornet, in Guernsey, during the

civil war, for the King. Some of these have been printed in a work published at Guernsey in 1851. Pages 158 to 165 of the Report are occupied with a description of a very curious journal of events during the same unhappy period. It is entitled *Journal et Recueil des choses les plus remarquables en l'île de Jersey, arrivées pendant les Guerres civiles sous les règnes des rois Charles Premier et Charles Second. Par Jean Chevalier, vingtenier de la ville de St. Helier*. It commences in 1643, and contains a good deal of information respecting the residence of Charles Prince of Wales and others in Jersey. The prince arrived in April 1646, having been obliged to quit Pendennis, though he had been invited "in a loving and tender way to repair to the Parliament's quarters," which invitation, it is needless to say, was declined without thanks. His retinue consisted of about three hundred persons, of which a full account is given in the Journal. The prince was extremely affable, and soon became very popular; he was then about sixteen years of age. The loyal Sir George Carteret had his patent of knighthood confirmed, and was afterwards created a baronet, with as much ceremony as their affairs would allow. Now and then his highness dined in state, persons being admitted to gaze upon him, and the display of gold and silver plate seems to have astonished the worthy chevalier. An elegantly appointed pinnacle was sent from St. Malo, in which the prince cruised about the bay. The prince left in June for France. The news of the King's death on January 30, 1649, reached Jersey on the 9th of February. In a few days the report was confirmed, and we are told "the public announcement was made, and caused consternation throughout the island. The loyal portion of the community expressed the deepest grief, and the malcontents were too much astounded to take advantage of the circumstance." The prince, now king, came over on the 17th of September, and took up his residence, as before, in Castle Elizabeth. He conciliated all by the grace of his manners; and of the review of the insular army, 5000 in number, Chevalier says: "Et comme le roi passait devant les soldats ils levaient leurs chapeaux en haut, criant 'Vive le roi! — sauve le roi! — Dieu le mette sur son trône!' Tellement aussi des cris de joie étaient faits par le peuple comme sa Majesté passait devant eux." Charles remained here five months, the brilliant Duke of Buckingham being sent by the Queen-mother to hasten his departure.

The MS. volume, *Sir Edward Southcote's Memoirs*, in the library of the monastery of the Dominican Friars at Woodchester, near Stroud, contains details of the adventures of Sir Edward's father, Sir John, at the eventful period of the civil war. From Mr. Stevenson's Report we make an extract or two:—

The first adventure in which Sir John was engaged was while serving in a *corps de réserve*. The enemy (the Parliamentary army) observing this body of nearly 1,000 horse, fired at them with cannon, which killed several of their men and horses. He found it very unpleasant to stand still in cold blood to be thus shot at in sight of the two armies, which were now closely engaged; but this was their fate for nearly an hour. By that time the King's army had forced its way through the enemy and "nailed up" the cannon. As Oliver's troops were beginning to give way the reserves were called up to pursue. This was the first occasion upon which Sir John made use of his little battle-axe, a weapon carried by all the King's troops. It hung to the wrist by a ribbon, and did not hinder the use of pistol or sword. It was a "dead doing thing," and, like the mason's "laithing hammer," had a sharp little axe on one side and a hammer on the other. It was a new invention. . . . The army being at no great distance from Perry Hall, our hero went thither to see his brother and sister Stanford. *He rode up the staircase, and did not dismount till he reached the table where they were sitting at supper.* They were much pleased with his frolic, and glad to see him. . . . At Newbury he was in the main body of the army, and took prisoner Captain Hall, who commanded what was called Oliver's own troop, whom he carried first to Newbury, and next (when news came that the King's army had been defeated) to Reading. Eight or ten days afterwards Southcote accepted as Hall's ransom a fine managed horse, a suit of armour, a diamond ring, and a promise to the effect that if he in his turn were made prisoner he should immediately be released without exchange. For this Sir John was made a knight. After the siege of Oxford "he was exceedingly anxious to enter the service of Prince Rupert, who was the greatest beau as well as the greatest hero in the royal army. His mode of fighting was to charge right through the enemy and then to fall upon their rear, slaughtering them with scarcely any opposition. One very cold morning he took a very fine laced handkerchief out of his pocket and tied it about his neck; hence originated the habit of wearing laced cravats. In all his attacks he was successful. A little black dog always followed him into the field, which the Roundheads fancied was the devil, and took it very ill that he would set himself against them." In the fatal battle of Naseby the Prince forced his way through the body of horse that opposed him and "nailed up" their cannon, but, meanwhile, the main body of the rebels' horse broke in upon the foot of the King's army and made

a fearful carnage, leaving upwards of 20,000 dead, wounded and prisoners. The writer of the letter afterwards visited the ground and was shown the windmill in which the King got to see the battle, and the hawthorn bush where Oliver placed himself for the like purpose.

In the same volume is a curious account of the living of the writer's grandfather at Standon:—

Walter Lord Aston, grandfather to the present lord, married the Lady Mary Weston. His father was many years ambassador in Spain. The estate of Standon coming to him through his wife, a descendant of the great Sir Ralph Sadler, he removed thither and there began his magnificent way of living; he had 101 persons in his family. The writer resided there for three or four months every summer, from the time he was six until about his fourteenth year. The table was served with three courses, each of twenty dishes; and these were brought up by twenty men, who stamped up the great stair like thunder at every course. My lord had four servants behind his own chair. He was very curious in his wine; but first of all drank at one draught a whole quart either of malt drink or wine and water, as a remedy for stone and gravel. At all the inns he lodged at in travelling they kept a quart glass called my lord Aston's glass. Sir Edward Southote saw one at the Altar Stone at Banbury not many years ago. The servants all dined together in the hall, and what was left was thrown together into a tub, which two men took on their shoulders to the court gate, where every day forty or fifty poor people were served with it. When my lord did not go hawking in the afternoon, he always played at ombre with his two sons for an hour, and at four o'clock returned to a covered seat in his vineyard. There he sat alone, and none durst approach him. At five o'clock his chariot, with a pair of his six grey Flanders mares (the chariot was made so narrow that none could sit by him) took him "a trole" about the park for five or six miles. He returned at seven, and by eight would be in bed. He always lay in bed without pillow, bolster, or night-cap. Winter and summer he rose at four, and entertained himself with books till it was time to go a-hunting or hawking at wild ducks. He would never allow any but hunted venison at his table. Every day but Sunday one buck was killed at the least, but most commonly a brace. He never made or returned any visit, the court and address of that county being made to him.

There are thirteen letters by Charles I. in the muniments of the Duke of Montrose at Buchanan Castle; but as these are of no particular interest, we pass on to note those addressed to James Marquis of Montrose, by Queen Henrietta Maria, and Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia sister of Charles I. One letter from Henrietta Maria will suffice as a specimen of the

rest, translated from the French by Mr. Fraser:—

Paris, 10th March, 1649.

Having received his letter by Pooley, and seen by it the assurances of the continuance of the Marquess's affection for the service of the King, her son, as he had always shown for that of the late King, her husband, whose murder ought to arouse in all his servants the passion of seeking all means to avenge a death so abominable, she doubted not that he would be well pleased to find opportunities, and that for that effect he would do all that lay in his power, and conjured him to unite with all those of his nation who regarded that death with just indignation, and to forget all past differences.

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the *Queen of Hearts*, was the eldest daughter of James I., and married, in 1613, Frederick, Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia. Of ten letters we select this:—

The Hagh, 9th December, 1649.

Had received the Marquis's of the 4th of November this last week, and the next day, by Sir William Fleming, one from the King of the same date from Jersey; who assured her he was not changed in his affections nor his design, which he would show to the world very suddenly. Robert le Diable (her son Prince Rupert) is about Sillie with seven good ships. She doubted not but the Marquis had seen by that time the proclamation against Morton and Kinnoull, and all the adherents of "that detestable bloodie murderer and excommunicated traitour, James Gream." The Turks never called the Christians so. In a P.S. the Queen adds "Oulde Bramford says he is now too oulde to be a knave, having been honest ever."

We observe from another part of the Report that Sir C. Cottrell was steward of the household to the Queen of Bohemia, and Mr Cottrell-Dormer (of Rousham, near Oxford) possesses many interesting letters and papers relating to the residence of the royal family abroad.

A very interesting collection of letters and papers relating to the Cromwell family is in the possession of Mrs. Prescott (*née* Cromwell Russell) of Oxford Square. This lady is a lineal descendant of the Protector, and possesses two swords used by him, a hat worn when he dissolved the Long Parliament, a beautiful cabinet of Florentine mosaic, presented to him by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and a medicine cabinet of black wood with silver cups. Among the letters we note one, dated June 15, 1655:—"Order to Mr. Waterhouse to pay Mr. Robert, Walker 24*l.* for a draught of his Highnesses picture (Signed, Simon Cannon), and the receipt below, signed by H. Walker." 1658,

January 18. Return, signed by the Earl of Themond and others, of the revenues of public institutions in Ireland," and an "account of the 16,500*l.* remitted by order of his Highness and Council to be distributed among the poor distressed Protestants of Piedmont, &c., perfected by S. Morland during the time of his abode in Geneva, in quality of his Highness's Commissioner Extraordinary for the affairs of the Valleys." Among the papers of Clare College, Cambridge, is an order, signed by the Protector, July 1, 1652, stating, "These are to charge and require you, upon sight hereof, not to quarter any officers and souldiers on any of the colledges, halls, or other houses belonging to the University of Cambridge, nor to offer any injury or violence to any of the students or members of any of the colledges or howses of the said Universitie, as you shall answer the contrary at your perill." A curious letter in Lord Lyttelton's MSS., from Philip Cary to Sir Henry Lyttleton, alludes to the change in the ceremony of marriage made by the Parliament.

The notices of papers scattered through the Report relating to the reign of Charles II. afford some curious illustrations of the events of the time. A letter dated September 20, 1670, in the Earl of Mount Edgumbe's collection, states: "The Prince of Orange is coming over. He will land at Harwich, and thence go to Newmarket. I am told his coming is not so much a compliment to his Majesty as to get in a debt of 200,000*l.*, lent by his father to the late King, and interest ever since, which will make the sum double." In the same collection a letter (January 27, 1672) says: "A fire at the King's play-house between 7 and 8 on Thursday evening last, which half burned down the house and all the scenes and wardrobe; and all the houses from the Rose Tavern in Russell Street on that side of the way to Drury Lane are burned and blown up, with many in Vinegar Yard; 20,000*l.* damage. The fire began under the stairs where Orange Moll keeps her fruit. Bell the player was blown up." About this time Ursula Woolryche writes to her daughter, Lady Wrottesley (Wrottesley MSS.): "They say there is the greatest galantry may be in towne; silver and gould lace all over the peticotes and the bodies of their gounes; but sleeves and skirts blake; abundance of curles very small on their heads, and very fine their heads dressed." Though the letters of Charles II. to his daughter the Countess of Lichfield, and from the Duke of York to the same, in Viscount Dillon's collec-

tion, do not contain important historical details, they illustrate the amusements of the period. In one letter, undated, Charles tells his daughter her brother was at Winchester, and would go in a few days to see Holland, and by the time he returned he would have worn out in some measure the redness of his face, so as not to fright the most part of the ladies. James, Duke of York (afterwards James II.), tells his niece "the Duchess plays often at bassett, my daughter dances country dances, which the Duchess cannot do, her leg not being quite well enough for that." From Edinburgh he writes: "The letters of this day brought the news of Tom Thynne having been assassinated, and how ready some people are to lay it on the poor Catholics, and 'tis well the murderers were soon found out. We have plays twice a week in this house, the Duchess not caring to stir out. When Lent comes we shall have no more plays, so that bassett will be the chief diversion within doors." From Edinburgh, July 18, 1681, he says: "This town begins to fill with company again, the meeting of Parliament being to be soon, which I am confident will behave themselves better than those of late have done in England. Cargill the great Covenanting field preacher is taken; he has been once examined before the Council, and will be again to-morrow, after which he will be tried and I believe condemned." (Cargill was executed July 26, 1681.) In a letter dated March 22, no year, the Duke states: "Was fox-hunting yesterday. Very little company till the last day or two. *The Duchess and his daughter had been twice to see the cockfighting.* Her Majesty had not yet played at basset, which made the drawing-room very dull." Another letter says they generally had cockfighting twice a day at Newmarket.

A certificate in Mr. Bromley Davenport's collection, signed and sealed by P. Venables and H. Lucy, that Philip Ward and his servant had not been in any places infected by the plague (September 7, 1665), shows the care that was taken to prevent the spreading of the dreadful disease. Every one has heard of the power supposed to be possessed by the monarch of curing the Evil by touch. In a letter from Sir Charles Cotterell to Robert Dormer (November 15, 1683) among Mr. Cotterell Dormer's MSS. he says: "Charles was touched by the King yesterday, by which and his drink together his lip is now very well, and will, I hope, be no worse." To show the vast number of MSS. some of these collections contain,

affording a promising field for the labours of historical students we may mention that in the Earl of Dartmouth's collection at Patshull, Stafford, there are more than 2,100 documents illustrating the period between 1660 and 1688, and there is fortunately in the Earl's possession a catalogue of every item. Colonel William Legge was a faithful supporter of Charles I., and Mr. Howard points out that there must have been a severe struggle in the mind of his son George (First Lord Dartmouth) before he could transfer the fleet which he commanded to the service of William of Orange; but he spared much bloodshed. There is a letter in this collection from Lord Berkeley at London, to Lord Dartmouth (December 3, 1688): "Reached London at noon, when the King was at dinner. After he had dined I kissed his hand; he carried me into the Queen's bed-chamber, where I read the address; he was well pleased; gave him Lord Dartmouth's letter; he asked about the fleet. Abundance of people railed at Lord Dartmouth, but the King continually justified him. The whole Dutch fleet are at Plymouth, where they were saluted by the citadel at their coming with about 40 guns. Bristol in the Prince of Orange's hands. The Marquess of Worcester, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Blessington, Capt. Steveningham, and several others, have gone over to the Prince. The Lords of Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin are gone to negotiate, but the trumpeter that was sent before for leave they found drunk asleep at Reading, so they are forced to stay there till they have an answer by another." December 11. Letter by Phil. Frowde at London: "The Queen and Prince went away down the river on Sunday night. The King followed about two or three o'clock. The mob are now pulling down the Mass-houses and burning, &c." December 19. Letter by Sir R. Beach. "The King taken to Faversham; the Chancellor taken; he was going to Hambro' in a collier; when taken to the Lord Mayor, he knelt to kiss his hand; the Lord Mayor so astonished that he fell into a swoon." The original journal by the Marquis of Halifax, in Earl Spencer's collection, is of great interest, as showing King William's opinion on persons and parties. On December 30, 1688, in a conversation with the Marquis, "The King said that the Commonwealth party was the strongest in England; said that at best they would have a Duke of Venice. In that perhaps he was not so much mistaken. Said that he did not come to es-

tablish a Commonwealth, and he was sure of one thing, he would not stay in England if King James came again. He said also with the strongest asseveration, he would go if they went about to make him regent. The Bishop of Salisbury, a dangerous man, and had no principles, bade me speak with those who came from Dr. Oates; said he would give him something, though it went hard with him. On another day he said he would have some of us talk together, to see to find some expedient in Oates's matter. N.B. — This was not pursued."

Dr. Lyons, of Dublin, submitted to the Commissioners a large collection of papers and letters addressed to or connected with William King, Archbishop of Dublin (6,1650 d. 1729). Selections from these letters occupy about twenty pages of the Report, and these contain interesting information on the History of Ireland.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUR UHLAN OUT-MANŒUVRED.

"Come down, come down, my bonnie bird,
And eat bread aff my hand;
Your cage shall be of wiry goud,
Whar now it's but the wand."

"You are the most provoking husband I ever met with," says Queen Titania.

We are climbing up the steep ascent which leads from the village of Ellesmere to the site of an ancient castle. The morning is full of a breezy sunshine, and the cool north-wester stirs here and there a grey ripple on the blue waters of the lake below.

"I hope you have not had much experience in that direction," I observe.

"Very pretty. That is very nice indeed. We are improving, are we not?" she says, turning to Bell.

Bell, who has a fine colour in her face from the light breeze and the brisk walking, puts her hand affectionately within her friend's arm, and says, in gentle accents—

"It is a shame to tease you so, you poor innocent little thing. But we will have our revenge. We will ask somebody else to protect you, my pet lamb!"

"Lamb—hm! Not much of the lamb visible, but a good deal of the vinegar

auce," says one of us, mindful of past favours.

It was a deadly quarrel. I think it had arisen out of Tita's inability to discover which way the wind was blowing; but the origin of our sham-fights had seldom much to do with their subsequent rise and progress.

"I wish I had married *you*, Count von Rosen," says my Lady, turning proudly and graciously to her companion on the right.

"Don't alarm the poor man," I say: and indeed the Lieutenant looked quite aghast.

"Madame," he replied gravely, when he had recovered himself, "it is very kind of you to say so; and if you had made me the offer sooner, I should have accepted it with great pleasure. But would there have been any difference? No, I think not—perhaps it would be the worse. It is merely that you are married; and you make believe to chafe against the bonds. Now I think you two would be very agreeable to each other if you were not married."

"Ah, well," said Tita, with an excellently constructed sigh; "I suppose we must look on marriage as a trial, and bear it with meekness and patience. We shall have our reward elsewhere."

Beil laughed, in a demure manner. That calm assumption of the virtues of meekness and patience was a little too much; but what was the use of further fighting on a morning like this? We got the key of a small gate. We climbed up a winding path through trees that were rustling in the sunlight. We emerged upon a beautiful green lawn—a bowling-green, in fact, girt in by a low hedge, and overlooked by a fancy little building. But the great charm of this elevated site was the panorama around and beyond. Windy clouds of white and grey kept rolling up out of the west, throwing splashes of purple glow on the bright landscape. The trees waved and rustled in the cool breeze—the sunlight kept chasing the shadows across the far meadows. And then down below us lay the waters of Ellesmere lake—here and there a deep, dark blue, under the warm green of the woods, and here and there being stirred into a shimmer of white by the wind that was sweeping across the sky.

"And to-day we shall be in Chester, and to-morrow in Wales!" cried Beil, looking away up to the north, where the sky was pretty well heaped up with the flying masses of cloud. She looked so bright and joyous then, that one could almost have expected

her to take flight herself, and disappear like a wild bird amid the shifting lights and gloom of the windy day. The Lieutenant, indeed, seemed continually regarding her in rather an anxious and embarrassed fashion. Was he afraid she might escape? Or was he merely longing to get an opportunity of plunging into that serious business he had spoken of the night before? Bell was all unconscious. She put her hand within Tita's arm, and walked away over the green lawn, which was warm in the sunshine. We heard them talking of a picnic on this lofty and lonely spot—sketching out tents, archery-grounds, and what not, and assigning a place to the band. Then there were rumours of the "Haymakers," of "Sir Roger de Coverley," of the "Guaracha," and I know not what other nonsense, coming towards us as the north-wester blew back to us fragments of their talk, until even the Lieutenant remarked that an old-fashioned country dance would look very pretty up here on such a fine piece of green, and with all the blue and breezy extent of a great English landscape forming the circular walls of this magnificent ball-room.

A proposal is an uncomfortable thing to carry about with one. Its weight is unconscionable, and on the merriest of days it will make a man down-hearted. To ask a woman to marry is about the most serious duty which a man has to perform in life, even as some would say that it is the most unnecessary: and those who settled the relations of the sexes, before or after the Flood, should receive the gratitude of all womankind for the ingenuity with which they shifted on to male shoulders this heavy and grievous burden.

The Lieutenant walked down with us from the hill and through the little village to the inn as one distraught. He scarcely even spoke—and never to Bell. He regarded the getting out of the phaeton with a listless air. Castor and Pollux—whose affections he had stolen away from us through a whole series of sneaking kindnesses—whinnied to him in vain. When my Lady, who now assumed the responsibility of apportioning to us our seats, asked him to drive, he obeyed mechanically.

Now Bell, as I have said, was unconscious of the awful possibilities that hung over our adventures of that day; and was in as merry a mood as you could desire to see. She sat beside the Lieutenant; and scarcely had we gone gently along the narrow village street and out into the broad

er country road that leads northward, than she began to tell her companion of the manner in which Tita tyrannizes over our parish.

"You would not think it, would you?" she asked.

"No," said the Lieutenant, "I should not think she was a very ferocious lady."

"Then you don't know her," says a voice from behind; and Tita says, "Don't begin again," in an injured way, as if we were doing some sort of harm to the fine morning.

"I can assure you," said Bell, seriously, "that she rules the parish with a rod of iron. She knows every farthing that every labourer makes in the week, and he catches it if he does not bring home a fair proportion to his wife. 'Well, Jackson,' she says, going into a cottage on her way home from church, 'I hear your master is going to give you fourteen shillings a week now.' 'Thank ye, ma'am,' he says, for he knows quite well who secured him the additional shilling to his wages. 'But I want you to give me threepence out of it for the savings bank; and your wife will gather up a sixpence a week until she gets enough for another pair of blankets for you, now the winter is coming on, you know.' Well, the poor man dares not object. He gives up three-fourths of the shilling he had been secretly expecting to spend on beer, and does not say a word. The husbands in our parish have a bad time of it —"

"One of them has, at least," says that voice from behind.

"And you should see how our Tita will confront a huge fellow who is half bemused with beer, and order him to be silent in her presence. 'How dare you speak to your wife like that before me!' — and he is as quiet as a lamb. And sometimes the wives have a turn of it, too — not reproof, you know, but a look of surprise if they have not finished the sewing of the children's frocks which Tita and I have cut out for them — or if they have gone into the alehouse with their husbands late on the Saturday night — or if they have missed being at church next morning. Then you should see the farmers' boys playing pitch and toss in the road on the Sunday forenoons — how they scurry away like rabbits when they see her coming up from church — they fly behind stacks, or plunge through hedges — anything to get out of her way."

"And I am not assisted, Count von Rosen, in any of these things," says my Lady, "by a young lady who was once known to catch a small boy and shake him

by the shoulders because he threw a stone at the clergyman as he passed."

"Then you do assist, Mademoiselle," inquires the Lieutenant, "in this overseeing of the parish?"

"Oh, I merely keep the books," replied Bell. "I am the treasurer of the savings bank, and I call a fortnightly meeting to announce the purchase of various kinds of cotton and woollen stuffs, at wholesale prices, and to hear from the subscribers what they most need. Then we have the materials cut into patterns, we pay so much to the women for sewing, and then we sell the things when they are made, so that the people pay for everything they get, and yet get it far cheaper than they would at a shop, while we are not out of pocket by it."

Here a deep groan is heard from the hind seat of the phaeton. That beautiful fiction about the ways and means of our local charities has existed in our household for many a day. The scheme is admirable. There is no pauperization of the peasantry around. The theory is that Queen Tita and Bell merely come in to save the cost of distribution; and that nothing is given away gratis except their charitable labour. It is a pretty theory. The folks around about us find it answer admirably. But somehow or other — whether from an error in Bell's book-keeping, or whether from a sudden rise in the price of flannel, or some other recondite and esoteric cause — all I know is that the system demands an annual subvention from the head of the house. Of course, my Lady can explain all that away. There is some temporary defect in the working out of the scheme; the self-supporting character of it remains easy of demonstration. It may be so. But a good deal of bread — in the shape of cheques — has been thrown upon the waters in a certain district in England; while the true author of the charity — the real dispenser of these good things — is not considered in the matter, and is privately regarded as a sort of grudging person, who does not understand the larger claims of humanity.

At length we have our first glimpse of Wales. From Ellesmere to Overton the road gradually ascends, until, just before you come to Overton, it skirts the edge of a high plateau, and all at once you are confronted by the sight of a great valley, through which a stream, brown as a Welsh rivulet ought to be, is slowly stealing. That narrow thread that twists through spacious woods and green meadows is the river Dee; far away beyond the valley that it waters, rise the blue masses of Cyn-y-

Brain and Cefu-y-Fedn, while to the south of the latter range lies the gap by which you enter the magic Vale of Llangollen. On this breezy morning there were white clouds blowing over the dusky peaks of the mountains, while ever and anon, from a blue rift overhead, a shimmering line of silver would strike down, and cause the side of some distant hill to shine in pale brown, and grey, and gold.

"That is a very strange sight to me," said the Lieutenant, as the horses stood in the road; "all these great mountains, with, I think, no houses on them. That is the wild country into which the first inhabitants of this country fled when the German tribes swarmed over here—all that we have been taught at school; but only think of the difficulty the Berlin boy—living with nothing but miles of flat sand around him—has to imagine a wild region like this, which gave shelter because no one could follow into its forests and rocks. And how are we to go? We cannot dirve into these mountains."

"Oh, but there are very fine roads in Wales," said Bell; "broad, smooth, well-made roads; and you can drive through the most beautiful scenery, if you wish."

However, it was arranged we should not attempt anything of the kind, which would take us too far out of our route to Scotland. It was resolved to let the horses have a rest in Chester the next day, while we should take a run down by rail to Llanrwst and Bettws-y-Coed, merely to give our Uhlán a notion of the difficulties he would have to encounter in subduing this country, when the time came for that little expedition.

So we bowled through the little village of Overton, and down the winding road which plunges into the beautiful valley we had been regarding from the height. We had not yet struck the Dee; but it seemed as though the ordinary road down in this plain was a private path through a magnificent estate. As far as we could see, a splendid avenue of elms stretched on in front of us; and while we drove through the cool shade, on either side lay a spacious extent of park, studded with grand old oaks. At length we came upon the stream, flowing brown and clear, down through picturesque and wooded banks; and then we got into open country again, and ran pleasantly up to Wrexham.

Perhaps the Lieutenant would have liked to bait the horses in some tiny village near to this beautiful stream. We should all have gone out for a saunter along the banks; and, in the pulling of wild flowers,

or the taking of sketches, or some such idyllic employment, the party would in all likelihood have got divided. It would have been a pleasant opportunity for him to ask this gentle English girl to be his wife—with the sweet influences of the holiday-time disposing her to consent, and with the quiet of this wooded valley ready to catch her smallest admission. Besides, who could tell what might happen after Bell had reached Chester? That was the next of the large towns which Arthur had agreed to make points of communication. I think the Lieutenant began at this time to look upon large towns as an abomination, to curse telegraphs, and to hate the penny post with a deadly hatred.

But in place of any such quiet resting-place, we had to put up Castor and Pol-lux in the brisk little town of Wrexham, which was even more than usually busy with its market-day. The Wynnstay Arms was full of farmers, seed-agents, implement makers, and what not, all roaring and talking to the last limit of their lungs—bustling about the place and calling for glasses of ale or attacking huge joints of cold roast beef with an appetite which had evidently not been educated on nothing. The streets were filled with the vendors of various wares; the wives and daughters of the farmers, having come in from the country in the dog-cart or waggonette, were promenading along the pavement in the most gorgeous hues known to silken and muslin fabrics; cattle were being driven through narrow thoroughfares; and the sellers of fruit and of fish in the market-place alarming the air with their invitations. The only quiet corner, indeed, was the churchyard, and the church, through which we wandered for a little while; but young folks are not so foolish as to tell secrets in a building that has an echo.

Was there no chance for our unfortunate Uhlán?

"Hurry—hurry on to Chester!" cried Bell, as we drove away from Wrexham, along the level northern road.

A gloomy silence had overtaken the Lieutenant. He was now sitting behind with my Lady, and she was doing her best to entertain him—(there never was a woman who could make herself more agreeable to persons not of her own household)—while he sat almost mute, listening respectfully, and half suffering himself to be interested.

Bell, on the other hand, was all delight at the prospect of reaching the quaint old city, that evening, and was busy with wild

visions of our plunge into Wales on the morrow, while ever and anon she hummed snatches of the Lieutenant's Burgundy song.

"Please may I make a confession?" she asked, at length in a low voice.

"Why, yes."

I hoped, however, she was not going to follow the example of the Lieutenant, and confide to me that she meditated making a proposal. Although men dislike this duty, they have a prejudice against seeing it undertaken by women.

"All our journey has wanted but one thing," said Bell. "We have had everything that could be wished—bright weather, a comfortable way of travelling, much amusement, plenty of fights—indeed, there was nothing wanting but one thing, and that was the sea. Now did you never try to look for it? Were you never anxious to see only a long thread of grey near the sky, and be quite sure that out there the woods stopped on the edge of a line of sand? I dared not tell Tita—for she would have thought me very ungrateful, but I may tell you, for you don't seem to care about anybody's opinions—but I used to get a little vexed with the constant meadows, rivers, farms, hills, woods, and all that over and over again, and the sea not coming any nearer. Of course one had no right to complain, as I suppose it's put down in the map, and can't be altered; but we seem to have been a long time coming across the country to reach the sea."

"Why, you wild sea-gull, do you think that was our only object? A long time reaching the sea!—Don't imagine your anxiety was concealed. I saw you perpetually scanning the horizon, as if one level line were better than any other level line at such a distance. You began it on Richmond Hill, and would have us believe the waves of the Irish Channel were breaking somewhere about Windsor."

"No—no!" pleaded Bell; "don't think me ungrateful. I think we have been most fortunate in coming as we did; and Count Von Rosen must have seen every sort of English landscape—first the river-pictures about Richmond, then the wooded hills about Oxfordshire, then the plains of Berkshire, then the mere-country about Ellsmere—and now he is going into the mountains of Wales. But all the same we shall reach the sea to-morrow."

"What are two fighting about?" says Queen Titania, interposing.

"We are not fighting," says Bell, in the

meekest possible way; "we are not husband and wife."

"I wish you were," says the other, coolly.

"Madame," I observe at this point, "that is rather a dangerous jest to play with. It is now the second time you have made use of it this morning."

"And if I do repeat old jokes," says Tita, with a certain calm audacity, "it must be through the force of a continual example."

"—And such jests sometimes fix themselves in the mind until they develop and grow into a serious purpose."

"Does that mean that you would like to marry Bell? If it can be done legally and properly, I should not be sorry, I know. Can it be done, Count von Rosen? Shall we four go back to London with different partners? An exchange of husbands—"

Merciful Powers! what was the woman saying? She suddenly stopped, and an awful consternation fell on the whole four of us. That poor little mite of a creature had been taking no thought of her words, in her pursuit of this harmless jest; and somehow it had wandered into her brain that Bell and the Lieutenant were on the same footing as herself and I. A more embarrassing slip of the tongue could not be conceived; and for several dreadful seconds no one had the courage to speak, until Bell wildly and incoherently—with her face and forehead glowing like a rose—asked whether there was a theatre in Chester.

"No," cries my Lady, eagerly; "don't ask us to go to the theatre to-night, Bell; let us go for a walk rather."

She positively did not know what she was saying. It was a wonder she did not propose we should go to the gardens of Cremorne, or up in a balloon. Her heart was filled with anguish and dismay over the horrible blunder she had made; and she began talking about Chester, in a series of disconnected sentences, in which the heartrending effort to appear calm and unconstrained was painfully obvious. Much as I have had to bear at the hands of that gentle little woman, I felt sorry for her then. I wondered what she and Bell would say to each other when they went off for a private confabulation at night.

By the time that we drew near Chester, however, this unfortunate incident was pretty well forgotten; and we were sufficiently tranquil to regard with interest the old city, which was now marked out in

the twilight, by the yellow twinkling of the gas-lamps. People had come out for their evening stroll round the great wall which encircles the town. Down in the level meadows by the side of the Dee, lads were still playing cricket. The twilight, indeed was singularly clear; and when we had driven into the town, and put up the phaeton at an enormous Gothic hotel which seemed to overawe the small old-fashioned houses in its neighbourhood, we too set out for a leisurely walk round the ancient ramparts.

But here again the Lieutenant was disappointed. How could he talk privately to Bell on this public promenade? Lovers there were there, but all in solitary pairs. If Tita had only known that she and I were interfering with the happiness of our young folks, she would have thrown herself headlong into the moat rather than continue this unwilling persecution. As it was, she went peacefully along, watching the purple light of the evening fall over the great landscape around the city. The ruddy glow in the windows became more and more pronounced. There were voices of boys still heard down in the racecourse, but there was no more cricketing possible. In the still evening, a hush seemed to fall over the town; and when we got round to the weir on the river, the vague white masses of water that we could scarcely see, sent the sound of them roaring and tumbling, as it were, into a hollow chamber. Then we plunged once more into the streets. The shops were lit. The quaint galleries along the first floor of the houses, which are the special architectural glory of Chester, were duskily visible in the light of the lamps. And then we escaped into the yellow glare of the great dining-room of the Gothic hotel, and sat ourselves down for a comfortable evening.

"Well," I say to the Lieutenant, as we go into the smoking-room, when the women have retired for the night, have you asked Bell yet?"

"No," he answers, morosely.

"Then you have escaped another day?"

"It was not my intention. I will ask her—whenever I get the chance—that I am resolved upon; and if she says 'No,' why, it is my misfortune, that is all."

"I have told you she is certain to say 'No.'"

"Very well."

"But I have a proposal to make."

"So have I," says the Lieutenant, with a gloomy smile.

"To-morrow you are going down to see a bit of Wales. Why spoil the day pre-

maturely? Put it off until the evening, and then take your refusal like a man. Don't do Wales an injustice."

"Why," says the Lieutenant, peevishly, "you think nothing is important but looking at a fine country and enjoying yourself out of doors. I do not care what happens to a lot of mountains and rivers when this thing is for me far more important. When I can speak to Mademoiselle, I will do so; and I do not care if all Wales is put under water to-morrow —"

"After your refusal, the deluge. Well, it is a good thing to be prepared. But you need not talk in an injured tone, which reminds one oddly of Arthur."

You should have seen the stare on Von Rosen's face.

"It is true. All you boys are alike when you fall in love—all unreasonable, discontented, perverse, and generally objectionable. It was all very well for you to call attention to that unhappy young man's conduct when you were in your proper senses; but now, if you go on as you are going, it will be the old story over again."

"Then you think I will persecute Mademoiselle, and be insolent to her and her friends?"

"All in good time. Bell refuses you to-morrow. You are gloomy for a day. You ask yourself why she has done so. Then you come to us and beg for our interference. We tell you it is none of our business. You say we are prejudiced against you, and accuse us of forwarding Arthur's suit. Then you begin to look on him as your successful rival. You grow so furiously jealous —"

Here the Uhlan broke into a tremendous laugh.

"My good friend, I have discovered a great secret," he cried. "Do you know who is jealous? You. You will oppose anyone who tries to take Mademoiselle away from you. And I—I will try—and I will do it."

From the greatest despondency he had leaped to a sort of wild and crazy hope of success. He smiled to himself, walked about the room, and talked in the most buoyant and friendly manner about the prospects of the morrow. He blew clouds of cigar-smoke about as if he were Neptune getting to the surface of the sea, and blowing back the sea-foam from about his face. And then, all at once, he sat down—we were the only occupants of the room—and said, in a hesitating way,—

"Look here—do you think Madame could speak a word to her—if she does say 'No'?"

"I thought it would come to that."

"You are — what do you call it? — very unsympathetic."

"Unsympathetic! No; I have a great interest in both of you. But the whole story is so old, one has got familiar with its manifestations."

"It is a very old and common thing to be born, but it is a very important thing, and it only happens to you once."

"And falling in love only happens to you once, I suppose?"

"Oh no, many times. I have very often been in love with this girl or the other girl, but never until this time serious. I never before asked anyone to marry me; and surely this is serious — that I offer for her sake to give up my country, and my friends, and my profession — everything. Surely that is serious enough."

And so it was. And I knew that if ever he got Bell to listen favourably to him, he would have little difficulty in convincing her that he had never cared for anyone before, while she would easily assure him that she had always regarded Arthur only as a friend. For there are no lies so massive, audacious, and unblushing as those told by two young folks when they recount to each other the history of their previous love affairs.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE FAIRY GLEN.

"O Queen, thou knowest I pray not for this:

Oh set us down together in some place

Where not a voice can break our heaven of bliss,

Where naught but rocks and I can see her face

Softening beneath the marvel of thy grace,

Where not a foot our vanished steps can track,
The golden age, the golden age come back!"

LITTLE did our Bonny Bell reckon of the plot that had been laid against her peace of mind. She was as joyous as a wild sea-bird when we drew near the sea. All the morning she had hurried us on; and we were at the station some twenty minutes before the train started. Then she must needs sit on the northern side of the carriage, close in by the window; and all at once, when there flashed before us a long and level stretch of grey-green, she uttered a quick, low cry of gladness, as though the last wish of her life had been realized.

Yet there was not much in this glimpse of the sea that we got as we ran slowly along the coast-line towards Conway. It was a quiet grey day, with here and there a patch of blue overhead. The sea was

stirred only by a ripple. Here and there it darkened into a breezy green, but for the most part it reflected the cold grey sky overhead. The shores were flat. The tide was up, and not a rock to be seen. One or two small boats were visible; but no great full-rigged ship, with all her white sails swelling before the wind, swept onwards to the low horizon. But it was the sea — that was enough for this mad girl of ours. She had the window put down, and a cold odour of sea-weed flew through the carriage. If there was not much blue outside, there was plenty in the deep and lambent colour of her eyes, where pure joy and delight fought strangely with the half-saddening influences produced by this first unexpected meeting with the sea.

Turning abruptly away from the coast-line — with the grey walls of Conway Castle overlooking the long sweep of the estuary — we plunged down into the mountains. The dark masses of firs up among the rocks were deepening in gloom. There was an unearthly calm on the surface of the river, as if the reflection of the boulders, and the birch-bushes, and the occasional cottages, lay waiting, for the first stirring of the rain. Then, far away up the cleft of the valley, a grey mist came floating over the hills; it melted whole mountains into a soft dull grey, it blotted out dark green forests and mighty masses of rock, until a pattering against the carriage windows told us that the rain had begun.

"It is always so in Wales," said my Lady, with a sigh.

But when we got out at Bettws-y-Coed, you would not have fancied our spirits were grievously oppressed. Indeed, I remarked that we never enjoyed ourselves so much, whether in the phaeton or out of it, as when there was abundant rain about, the desperation of the circumstances driving us into being recklessly merry. So we would not take the omnibus that was carrying up to the Swallow Falls some half-dozen of those horrid creatures, the tourists. The deadly dislike we bore to these unoffending people was remarkable. What right had they to be invading this wonderful valley? What right had they to leave Bayswater and occupy seats at the *tables d'hôte* of hotels? We saw them drive away with a secret pleasure. We hoped they would get wet, and swear never to return to Wales. We called them tourists, in short, which has become a term of opprobrium among Englishmen; but we would have perished rather than admit for a moment that we too were tourists.

It did not rain very much. There was a strong resinous odour in the air, from the spruce, the larch, the pines, and the breckans, as we got through the wood, and ventured down the slippery paths which brought us in front of the Swallow Falls. There had been plenty of rain — and the foaming jets of water were darting among the rocks very much like the white glimmer of the marten as he cuts about the eaves of a house in the twilight. The roar of the river filled the air, and joined in chorus the rustling of the trees in the wind. We could scarcely hear ourselves speak. It was not a time for confidences. We returned to Bettws.

But the Lieutenant, driven wild by the impossibility of placing all his sorrows before Bell, eagerly assented to the proposal that we should go and see the Fairy Glen — a much more retired spot — after luncheon. The dexterity he displayed in hurrying over that meal was remarkable. It was rather a scramble — for a number of visitors were in the place; and the long table was pretty well filled up. But with a fine audacity our Uhlán constituted himself waiter for our party, and simply harried the hotel. If my Lady's eyes only happened to wander towards a particular dish, it was before her in a twinkling. The Lieutenant alarmed many a young lady there by first begging her pardon and then reaching over her shoulder to carry off some huge plate; although he presently atoned for these misdemeanours by carrying a couple of fowls for the use of the whole company. He also made the acquaintance of a governess who was in charge of two tender little women of twelve and fourteen. He sat down by the governess; discovered that she had been at Bettws for some weeks; got from her some appalling statistics of the rain that had fallen; then — for the maids were rather remiss — went and got her a bottle of ale, which he drew for her, and poured out and graciously handed to her. Bell was covertly laughing all the time: my Lady was amazed.

"Now," he said, turning in quite a matter-of-fact way to us, "when do we start for this Fairy Glen?"

"Pray don't let us take you away from such charming companionship," observed my Lady with a smile.

"Oh, she is a very intelligent person," says the Lieutenant; "really a very intelligent person. But she makes a great mistake in preferring Schiller's plays to Lessing's for her pupils. I tried to convince her of that. She is going to the

Rhine with those young ladies, later on in the year — to Königswinter. Would it not be a very nice thing for us all, when we leave the phaeton at your home, to go for a few weeks to Königswinter?"

"We cannot all flirt with a pretty governess," says Tita.

"Now that is too bad of you English ladies," retorts the Lieutenant. "You must always think, when a man talks to a girl, he wants to be in love with her. No — it is absurd. She is intelligent — a good talker — she knows very many things — and she is a stranger like myself in a hotel. Why should I not talk to her?"

"You are quite right, Count von Rosen," says Bell.

Of course he was quite right. He was always quite right! But wait a bit.

We set off for the Fairy Glen. The rain had ceased; but the broad and smooth roads were yellow with water; large drops still fell from the trees, and the air was humid and warm. The Lieutenant lit a cigar about as big as a wooden leg; and Bell insisted on us two falling rather behind, because that she liked the scent of a cigar in the open air.

We crossed the well-known Waterloo Bridge — built in the same year as that which chronicled the great battle — and we heard the Lieutenant relating to Tita how several of his relatives had been in the army which came up to help us on that day.

"You know we had won before you came up," said my Lady, stoutly.

The Lieutenant laughed as he replied to her.

"I am not sure about that," he said; "but you did what we could not have done — you held the whole French army by yourselves, and crippled it so that our mere appearance on the battle-field was enough."

"I think it was very mean of both of you," said Bell, "to win a battle by mere force of numbers. If you had given Napoleon a chance —"

"Mademoiselle," said von Rosen, "the object of a campaign is to win battles — anyhow. You throw away the heroic elements of the old single combatants when it is with armies that you fight; and you take all advantages you can get. But who was the braver then — your small English army, or the big French one that lost the whole day without overwhelming their enemy, and waited until we came down to drive them back? That is a very good word — a very strong word — our *zurückgeworfen*. It is a very good thing to see

that word at the end of a sentence that talks of your enemies."

At length we got to the neighbourhood of the Fairy Glen, and found ourselves in among the wet trees, with the roar of the stream reverberating through the woods. There were a great many paths in this pretty ravine. You can go close down to the water, and find still pools reflecting the silver-lichened rocks; or you can clamber along the high banks through the birch and hazel and elm, and look down on the white waterfalls beneath you that wet the ferns and bushes about with their spray. Four people need not stay together. Perhaps it was because of an extraordinary change in the aspect of the day that Tita and I lost sight of the young folks. Indeed, we had sat down upon a great smooth boulder and were pensively enjoying the sweet scents around, and the plashing of the stream, when this strange thing occurred, so that we never remembered that our companions had gone. Suddenly into the gloomy grey day there leaped a wild glow of yellow fire; and far up the narrowing vista of the glen—where the rocks grew closer together—the sunlight smote down on the gleaming green of the underwood, until it shone and sparkled over the smooth pools. The light came nearer. There was still a sort of mist of dampness in the atmosphere—hanging about the woods, and dulling the rich colours of the glen; but as the sunlight came straggling down the rocky ravine, a dash of blue gleamed out overhead, and a rush of wind through the dripping green branches seemed to say that the wet was being swept off the mountains and towards the sea. The Fairy Glen was now a blaze of transparent green and fine gold, with white diamonds of raindrops glittering on the ferns and moss and bushes. It grew warm, too, down in the hollow; and the sweet odours of the forest above—woodruff, and campion, and wild mint, and the decayed leaves of the great St. John's wort—all stole out into the moist air.

"Where have they gone?" says Tita almost sharply.

"My dear," I say to her, "you were young yourself once. It's a good time ago—but still——"

"Bell never asked for letters this morning," remarked my Lady, showing the direction her thoughts were taking.

"No matter, Arthur will be meeting us directly. He is sure to come over to our route in his dogcart."

"We must find them, and get back to

Bettws-y-Coed," is the only reply which is vouchsafed to me.

They were not far to seek. When we had clambered up the steep bank to the path overhead, Bell and the Lieutenant were standing in the road, silent. As soon as they saw us, they came slowly walking down. Neither spoke a word. Somehow, Bell managed to attach herself to Tita; and these two went on ahead.

"You were right," said the Lieutenant, in a low voice, very different from his ordinary light and careless fashion.

"You have asked her, then?"

"Yes."

"And she refused?"

"Yes."

"I thought she would."

"Now," he said, "I suppose I ought to go back to London?"

"Why?"

"It will not be pleasant for her—my being here. It will be very embarrassing to both of us."

"Nonsense. She will look on it as a joke."

I am afraid our Uhlán looked rather savage at this moment.

"Don't you see," I observed to him seriously, "that if you go away in this manner you will give the affair a tremendous importance, and make all sorts of explanations necessary? Why not school yourself to meeting her on ordinary terms; and take it that your question was a sort of preliminary sounding, as it were, without prejudice to either?"

"Then you think I should ask her again, at some future time?" he said eagerly.

"I don't think anything of the kind."

"Then why should I remain here?"

"I hope you did not come with us merely for the purpose of proposing to Bell."

"No; that is true enough—but our relations are now all altered. I do not know what to do."

"Don't do anything: meet her as if nothing of the kind had occurred. A sensible girl like her will think more highly of you in doing that than in doing some wild and mad thing, which will only have the effect of annoying her and yourself. Did she give you any reason?"

"I do not know," said Von Rosen, disconsolately. "I am not sure what I said. Perhaps I did not explain enough. Perhaps she thought me blunt, rude, coarse in asking her so suddenly. It was all a sort of fire for a minute or two—and then the cold water came—and that lasts."

The two women were now far ahead—surely they were walking fast that Bell

might have an opportunity of confiding all her perplexities to her friend.

"I suppose," said Von Rosen, "that I suffer for my own folly. I might have known. But for this day or two back, it has seemed so great a chance to me — of getting her to promise at least to think of it — and the prospect of having such a wife as that — it was all too much. Perhaps I have done the worst for myself by the hurry; but was it not excusable in a man to be in a hurry to ask such a girl to be his wife? And there is no harm in knowing soon that all that was impossible."

Doubtless it was comforting to him to go on talking. I wondered what Bell was saying at this moment; and whether a comparison of their respective views would throw some light on the subject. As for the Lieutenant, he seemed to regard Bell's decision as final. If he had been a little older, he might not; but having just been plunged from the pinnacle of hope into an abyss of despair, he was too stunned to think of clambering up again by degrees.

But even at this time all his thoughts were directed to the best means of making his presence as little of an embarrassment to Bell as possible.

"This evening will pass away very well," he said, "for everybody will be talking at dinner, and we need not to address each other; but to-morrow — if you think this better that I remain with you — then you will drive the phaeton, and you will give Mademoiselle the front seat — for the whole day? Is it agreed?"

"Certainly. You must not think of leaving us at present. You see, if you went away we should have to send for Arthur."

A sort of flame blazed up into the face of the Lieutenant; and he said, in a rapid and vehement way —

"This thing I will say to you — if Mademoiselle will not marry me — good. It is the right of every girl to have her choice. But if you allow her to marry that pitiful fellow, it will be a shame — and you will not forgive yourself, either Madame or you, in the years afterwards — that I am quite sure of!"

"But what have we to do with Bell's choice of a husband?"

"You talked just now of sending for him to join your party."

"Why, Bell isn't bound to marry every-one who comes for a drive with us. Your own case is one in point."

"But this is quite different. This wretched fellow thinks he has an old right

to her, as being an old friend, and all that stupid nonsense; and I know that she has a strange idea that she owes to him —"

The Lieutenant suddenly stopped.

"No," he said, "I will not tell you what she did tell to me this afternoon. But I think you know it all; and it will be very bad of you to make a sacrifice of her by bringing him here —"

"If you remain in the phaeton; we can't."

"Then I will remain."

"Thank you. As Tita and I have to consider ourselves just a little bit — amid all this whirl of love-making and reckless generosity — I must say we prefer your society to that of Master Arthur."

"That is a very good compliment!" says Von Rosen, with an ungracious sneer — for who ever heard of a young man of twenty-six being just to a young man of twenty-two when both wanted to marry the same young lady?

We overtook our companions. Bell and I walked on together to the hotel, and subsequently down to the station. An air of gloom seemed to hang over the heavy forests far up amid the grey rocks. The river had a mournful sound as it came rushing down between the mighty boulders. Bell scarcely uttered a word as we got into the carriage and slowly steamed away from the platform.

Whither had gone the joy of her face? She was once more approaching the sea. Under ordinary circumstances you would have seen an anticipatory light in her blue eyes, as if she already heard the long plash of the waves, and smelt the sea-weed. Now she sat in the corner of the carriage; and when at last we came in view of the most beautiful sight that we had yet met on our journey, she sat and gazed at it with the eyes of one distraught.

That was a rare and wild picture we saw when we got back to the sea. The heavy rain-clouds had sunk down until they formed a low dense wall of purple all along the line of the western horizon, between the sea and the sky. That heavy bar of cloud was almost black; but just above it there was a calm fair stretch of lambent green, with here and there a torn shred of crimson cloud and one or two lines of sharp gold, lying parallel with the horizon. But away over in the east again were some windy masses of cloud that had caught a blush of red; and these had sent a pale reflection down on the sea — a sort of salmon-colour that seemed the complement of the still gold-green overhead.

The sunset touched faintly the low mountains about the mouth of the Dee. A rose-red glimmer struck the glass of the window at which Bell sat; and then, as the train made a slight curve in the line running by the shore, the warm light entered and lit up her face with a rich and beautiful glow. The Lieutenant, hidden in the dusk of the opposite corner, was regarding her with wistful eyes. Perhaps he thought that now, more than ever, she looked like some celestial being far out of his reach, whom he had dared to hope would forsake her strange altitudes and share his life with him. Tita, saying nothing, was also gazing out of the window, and probably pondering on the unhappy climax that seemed to put an end to her friendly hopes.

Darkness fell over the sea and the land. The great plain of water seemed to fade away into the gloom of the horizon; but here, close at hand, the pools on the shore occasionally caught the last reflection of the sky, and flashed out a gleam of yellow fire. The wild intensity of the colours was almost painful to the eyes—the dark blue-green of the shore-plants and the seagrass; the gathering purple of the sea; the black rocks on the sand; and then that sudden bewildering flash of gold where a pool had been left among the seaweed. The mountains in the south had now disappeared; and were doubtless—away in that mysterious darkness—wreathing themselves in the cold night-mists that were slowly rising from the woods and the valleys of the streams.

Such was our one and only glimpse of Wales; and the day that Bell had looked forward to with such eager delight had closed in silence and despair.

When we got back to the hotel, a letter from Arthur was lying on the table.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COLLAPSE.

"Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind."

THE following correspondence has been handed to us for publication:—

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM,
July—, 1871.

"Mon cher Mamma,—Doctor Ashburton dire me que je écris a vous dans Français je sais Français un petit et ici est un letter a vous

dans Français mon cher Mamma le pony est train bien et je sui mon cher Mamma,

"Voter aimé fils,
"Tom."

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM,
July—, 1871.

"My dear Papa,—Tom has written Mamma a letter in French and Doctor Ashburton says I must begin to learn French too but Tom says it is very difficult and it takes a long time to write a letter with the dixonary and he says my dear Papa that we must learn German Too but please may I learn German first and you will give my love to the German gentleman who gave us the poney he is very well my dear papa and very fat and round and hard in the sides Harry French says if he goes on eeting like that he will burst but me and Tom only laughed at him and we rode him down to Stones and back which is a long way and I only tumbled off twice but once into the ditch for he wanted to eat the Grass and I Pooled at him and slept over his head but I was not much Wet and I went to bed until Jane dried all my cloce and no one new of it but her Please my dear papa how is Auntie Bell, and we send our love to her, and to my dear mamma and I am your affexnate son,

"JACK.

"P.S. All the monney you sent as gone away for oats and beans and hay. Please my dear Papa to send a good lot more."

"—INN, OAKHAM, Friday Afternoon.

"... You will see I have slightly departed from the route I described in a telegram to Bell. Indeed, I find myself so untrammelled in driving this light dogcart, with a powerful little animal that never seems fatigued, that I can go anywhere without fearing there will not be accommodation for a pair of horses and a large party. I am sure you must often have been put to straits in securing rooms for so many at a small country inn. Probably you know the horse I have got—it is the cob that Major Quinet bought from Heathcote. I saw him by the merest accident when I returned from Worcester to London—told him what I meant to do—he offered me the cob with the greatest good-nature—and as I knew I should be safer with it than anything I could hire, I accepted. You will see I have come a good pace. I started on the Tuesday morning after I saw you at Worcester, and here I am at Oakham, rather over ninety miles. To-morrow I hope to be in Nottingham, about other thirty. Perhaps, if you will allow me, I may strike across country, by Huddersfield and Skipton, and pay you a visit at Kendal. I hope Bell is well, and that you are not having much rain. I have had the most delightful weather.

"Yours sincerely,

"ARTHUR ASHBURTON."

"It is a race," said the Lieutenant, "who shall be at Carlisle first."

"Arthur will beat," remarked Bell, looking to my Lady; and although nothing

could have been more innocent than that observation, it seemed rather to take Von Rosen down a bit. He turned to the window and looked out.

"I think it was very foolish of Major Quinet to lend him that beautiful little bay cob to go on such an expedition as that," said Tita. "He will ruin it entirely. Fancy going thirty miles a day without giving the poor animal a day's rest! Why should he be so anxious to overtake us? If we had particularly wanted him to accompany us, we should have asked him to do so."

"He does not propose to accompany you," I say. "He is only coming to pay you a visit."

"I know what that means," says my Lady, with a tiny shrug; "something like the arrival of a mother-in-law, with a cartful of luggage."

"My dear," I say to her, "why should you speak scornfully of the amiable and excellent lady who is responsible for your bringing up?"

"I was not speaking of my mamma," says Tita, "but of the abstract mother-in-law."

"A man never objects to an abstract mother-in-law. Now, your mamma—although she is not to be considered as a mother-in-law—"

"My mamma never visits me but at my own request," says my Lady, with something of loftiness in her manner; "and I am sorry she makes her visits so short, for when *she* is in the house, I am treated with some show of attention and respect."

"Well," I say to her, "if a mother-in-law can do no better than encourage hypocrisy—But I bear no malice. I will take some sugar, if you please."

"And as for Arthur," continues Tita, turning to Bell, "what must I say to him?"

"Only that we shall be pleased to see him, I suppose," is the reply.

The Lieutenant stares out into the streets of Chester, as though he did not hear.

"We cannot ask him to go with us—it would look too absurd—a dogcart trotting after us all the way."

"He might be in front," says Bell, "if the cob is so good a little animal as he says."

"I wonder how Major Quinet could have been so stupid!" says Tita, with a sort of suppressed vexation.

The reader may remember that a few days ago Major Quinet was a white-souled angel of a man, to whom my Lady had given one of those formal specifications of character which she has always at hand

when anyone is attacked. Well, one of the party humbly recalls that circumstance. He asks in what way Major Quinet has changed within the past two days. Tita looks up, with that sort of quick, triumphant glance which tells beforehand that she has a reply ready, and says—

"If Major Quinet has committed a fault, it is one of generosity. That is an error not common among men—especially men who have horses, and who would rather see their own wives walk through the mud to the station than let their horses get wet."

"Bell, what is good for you, when you're sat upon?"

"Patience," says Bell: and then we go out into the old and grey streets of Chester.

It was curious to notice now the demeanour of our hapless Lieutenant towards Bell. He had had a whole night to think over his position; and in the morning he seemed to have for the first time fully realized the hopelessness of his case. He spoke of it—before the women came down—in a grave, matter-of-fact way, not making any protestation of suffering, but calmly accepting it as a matter for regret. One could easily see, however, that a good deal of genuine feeling lay behind these brief words.

Then, when Bell came down, he showed her a vast amount of studied respect; but spoke to her of one or two ordinary matters in a careless tone, as if to assure everybody that nothing particular had happened. The girl herself was not equal to any such effort of amiable hypocrisy. She was very timid. She agreed with him in a hurried way whenever he made the most insignificant statement, and showed herself obtrusively anxious to take his side when my Lady, for example, doubted the efficacy of carbolic soap. The Lieutenant had no great interest in carbolic soap—had never seen it, indeed, until that morning; but Bell was so anxious to be kind to him, that she defended the compound as if she had been the inventor and patentee of it.

"It is very awkward for me," said the Lieutenant, as we were strolling through the quaint thoroughfare—Bell and my Lady leading the way along the piazzas formed on the first floor of the houses; "it is very awkward for me to be always meeting her, and more especially in a room. And she seems to think that she has done me some wrong. That is not so. That is quite a mistake. It is a misfortune—that is all; and the fault is mine that I did not

understand sooner. Yet I wish we were again in the phaeton. Then there is great life — motion — something to do and think about. I cannot bear this doing of nothing."

Well, if the Lieutenant's restlessness was to be appeased by hard work, he was likely to have enough of it that day; for we were shortly to take the horses and phaeton across the estuary of the Mersey, by one of the Birkenhead ferries; and any one who has engaged in that pleasing operation knows the excitement of it. Von Rosen chafed against the placid monotony of the Chester streets. The passages under the porticoes are found to be rather narrow of a forenoon, when a crowd of women and girls have come out to look at the shops, and when the only alternative to waiting one's turn and getting along is to descend ignominiously into the thoroughfare below. Now, no stranger who comes to Chester would think of walking along an ordinary pavement, so long as he can pace through those quaint old galleries that are built on the roofs of the ground-row of shops and cellars. The Lieutenant hung aimlessly about — just as you may see a husband lounging and staring in Regent-street, while his wife is examining with a deadly interest the milliners' and jewellers' windows. Bell bought presents for the boys. My Lady purchased photographs. In fact, we conducted ourselves like the honest Briton abroad, who buys a lot of useless articles in every town he comes to, chiefly because he has nothing else to do, and may as well seize that opportunity of talking to the natives.

Then our bonny bays were put into the phaeton, and with a great sense of freedom shining on the face of our Uhlan, we started once more for the north. Bell was sitting beside me. That had been part of the arrangement. But why was she so pensive? Why this profession of tenderness and an extreme interest and kindness? I had done her no injury.

"Bell," I say to her, "have you left all your wildness behind you — buried down at the foot of Box Hill, or calmly interred under a block of stone up on Mickleham Downs. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set my Lady frowning at you as if you were an incorrigible Tom-boy? Come, now, touching that ballad of the Bailiff's Daughter — the guitar has not been out for a long time —"

A small gloved hand was gently and furtively laid on my arm. There was to be no singing.

"I think," said Bell, aloud, "that this is a very pretty piece of country to lie between two such big towns as Chester and Liverpool."

The remark was not very profound, but it was accurate, and it served its purpose of pushing away finally that suggestion about the guitar. We were now driving up the long neck of land lying between the parallel estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey. About Backford, and on by Great Sutton and Childer Thornton to Eastham, the drive was pleasant enough — the windy day and passing clouds giving motion and variety to the undulating pasture-land and the level fields of the farms. But as we drove carelessly through the green landscape, all of a sudden we saw before us a great forest of masts — grey streaks in the midst of the horizon — and behind them a cloud of smoke arising from an immense stretch of houses. We discovered, too, the line of the Mersey; and by and by we could see its banks widening, until the boats in the bed of the stream could be vaguely made out in the distance.

"Shall we remain in Liverpool this evening?" asks Bell.

"As you please."

Bell had been more eager than any of us to hurry on our passage to the north, that we should have abundant leisure in the Lake country. But a young lady who finds herself in an embarrassing position may imagine that the best refuge she can have in the evening is the theatre.

"Pray don't," says Tita. "We shall be at Liverpool presently, and it would be a great pity to throw away a day when we shall want all the spare time we can get when we reach Kendal."

Kendal! It was the town at which Arthur was to meet us. But of course my Lady had her way. Since Von Rosen chose to sit mute, the decision rested with her; and so the driver, being of an equable disposition, and valuing the peace of mind of the party far above the respect that ought to have been shown to Liverpool, meekly took his orders and sent the horses on.

But it was a long way to Liverpool, despite Tita's assurances. The appearances of the landscape were deceitful. The smoke on the other side of the river seemed to indicate that the city was close at hand; but we continued to roll along the level road without apparently coming one whit nearer Birkenhead. We crossed Bromborough Pool. We went by Primrose Hill. We drove past grounds apparently surrounding some mansion, only to find

the level road still stretching on before us. Then there were a few cottages. Houses of an unmistakably civic look began to appear. Suburban villas with gardens walled in with brick studded the road-side. Factories glimmered grey in the distance. An odour of coal-smoke was perceptible in the air; and finally, with a doleful satisfaction, we heard the wheels of the phaeton rattling over a grimy street, and we knew we were in Birkenhead.

There was some excuse for the Lieutenant losing his temper—even if he had not been in rather a gloomy mood, to begin with. The arrangements for the transference of carriage-horses across the Mersey are of a nebulous description. When we drove down the narrow passage to Tranmere Ferry, the only official we could secure was a hulking lout of a fellow of decidedly hang-dog aspect. Von Rosen asked him civilly enough, if there was any one about who could take the horses out, and superintend the placing of them and the phaeton in the ferry. There was no such person. Our friend in moleskin hinted in a surly fashion, that the Lieutenant might do it for himself. But he would help, he said; and therewith he growled something about being paid for his trouble. I began to fear for the safety of that man. The river is deep just close by.

Bell and Tita had to be got out, and tickets taken for the party and for the horses and phaeton. When I returned, the Lieutenant, with rather a firm-set mouth, was himself taking the horses out, while the loafer in moleskin stood at some little distance, scowling and muttering scornful observations at the same time.

"Ha! have you got the tickets?" said our Uhlan. "That is very good. We shall do by ourselves. Can you get out the nose-bags, that we shall pacify them on going across? I have told this fellow—if he comes near to the horses—if he speaks one more word to me—he will be in the river the next moment; and that is quite sure as I am alive."

But there was no one who could keep the horses quiet like Bell. When they were taken down the little pier, she walked by their heads, and spoke to them, and stroked their noses; and then she swiftly got on board the steamer to receive them. The Lieutenant took hold of Pollux. The animal had been quiet enough even with the steamer blowing and puffing in front of him, but when he found his hoofs striking on the board between the pier and the steamer, he threw up his head, and strove to back. The Lieutenant held on

by both hands. The horse went back another step. It was a perilous moment, for there is no railing to the board which forms the gangway to those ferry-steamers, and if the animal had gone to one side or the other, he and Von Rosen would have been in the water together. But with a "Hi! hoop!" and a little touch of a whip from behind, the horse sprang forward, and was in the boat before he knew. And there was Bell at his head, talking in an endearing fashion to him as the Lieutenant pulled the strap of the nose-bag up; and one horse was safe.

There was less to do with Castor; that prudent animal, with his eyes staring wildly around, feeling his way gingerly on the sounding board, but not pausing all the same. Then he too had his nose-bag to comfort him; and when the steamer uttered a yell of a whistle through its steam-pipe, the two horses only started and knocked their hoofs about on the deck—for they were very well employed, and Bell was standing in front of their heads, talking to them and pacifying them.

Then we steamed slowly out into the broad estuary. A strong wind was blowing up channel, and the yellow-brown waves were splashing about, with here and there a bold dash of blue on them from the gusty sky overhead. Far away down the Mersey the shipping seemed to be like a cloud along the two shores; and out on the wide surface of the river were large vessels being tugged about, and mighty steamers coming up to the Liverpool piers. When one of these bore down upon us so closely that she seemed to overlook our little boat, the two horses forgot their corn and flung their heads about a bit; but the Lieutenant had a firm grip of them, and they were eventually quieted.

He had by this time recovered from his fit of wrath. Indeed, he laughed heartily over the matter, and said—

"I am afraid I did give that lounging fellow a great fright. He does not understand German, I suppose; but the sound of what I said to him had a great effect upon him—I can assure you of that. He retreated from me hastily. It was some time before he could make out what had happened to him; and then he did not return to the phaeton."

The horses bore the landing on the other side very well; and, with but an occasional tremulous start, permitted themselves to be put to on the quay, amid the roar and confusion of arriving and departing steamers. We were greatly helped in this matter by an amiable police-

man, who will some day, I hope, become Colonel and Superintendent of the Metropolitan Force.

Werther, amid all this turmoil, was beginning to forget his sorrows. We had a busy time of it. He and Bell had been so occupied with the horses in getting them over that they had talked almost frankly to each other; and now there occurred some continuation of the excitement in the difficulties that beset us. For, after we had driven into the crowded streets, we found that the large hotels in Liverpool have no mews attached to them; and in our endeavours to secure in one place entertainment for both man and beast, some considerable portion of our time was consumed. At length we found stabling in Hatton Garden; and then we were thrown on the wide world of Liverpool to look after our own sustenance.

"Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant—rather avoiding the direct look of her eyes, however—"if you would prefer to wait, and go to a theatre to-night—"

"Oh no, thank you," said Bell, quite hurriedly—as if she were anxious not to have her own wishes consulted; "I would much rather go on as far as we can to-day."

The Lieutenant said nothing—how could he? He was but six and twenty, or thereabouts, and had not yet discovered a key to the Rosamond's maze of a woman's wishes.

So we went to a restaurant fronting a dull square, and dined. We were the only guests. Perhaps it was luncheon; perhaps it was dinner—we had pretty well forgotten the difference by this time, and were satisfied if we could get something to eat, anywhere, thrice a day.

But it was only too apparent that the pleasant relations with which we had started had been seriously altered. There was a distressing politeness prevailing throughout this repast, and Bell had so far forgotten her ancient ways as to become quite timid and nervously formal in her talk. As for my Lady, she forgot to say sharp things. Indeed, she never does care for a good brisk quarrel, unless there are people present ready to enjoy the spectacle. Fighting for the mere sake of fighting is a blunder; but fighting in the presence of a circle of noble dames and knights becomes a courtly tournament. All our old amusements were departing—we were like four people met in a London drawing-room; and, of course, we had not bargained for this sort of thing on setting out. It had all arisen from

Bell's excessive tenderness of heart. She had possessed herself with some wild idea that she had cruelly wronged our Lieutenant. She strove to make up for this imaginary injury by a show of courtesy and kindness that was embarrassing to the whole of us. The fact is, the girl had never been trained in the accomplishments of city life. She regarded a proposal of marriage as something of consequence. There was a defect, too, in her pulsation: her heart—that ought to have gone regularly through the multiplication table in the course of its beating, and never changed from twice one to twelve times twelve—made frantic plunges here and there, and slurred over whole columns of figures in order to send an anxious and tender flush up to her forehead and face. A girl who was so little mistress of herself, that—on a winter's evening, when we happened to talk of the summer-time and of half-forgotten walks near Ambleside and Coniston—tears might suddenly be seen to well up in her blue eyes, was scarcely fit to take her place in a modern drawing-room. At this present moment her anxiety, and a sort of odd self-accusation, were really spoiling our holiday: but we did not bear her much malice.

It was on this evening that we were destined to make our first acquaintance with the alarming method of making roads which prevails between Liverpool and Preston. It is hard to say by what process of fiendish ingenuity these petrified sweetbreads have been placed so as to occasion the greatest possible trouble to horses' hoofs, wheels, and human ears; and it is just as hard to say why such roads—although they may wear long in the neighbourhood of a city inviting constant traffic—should be continued out into country districts where a cart is met with about once in every five miles. These roads do not conduce to talking. One thinks of the unfortunate horses, and of the effect on springs and wheels. Especially in the quiet of a summer evening, the frightful rumbling over the wedged-in stones seems strangely discordant. And yet when one gets clear of the suburban slums and the smoke of Liverpool, a very respectable appearance of real country life becomes visible. When you get out to Walton Nurseries and on towards Aintree Station and Maghull, the landscape looks fairly green, and the grass is of a nature to support animal life. There is nothing very striking in the scenery, it is true. Even the consciousness that away beyond the flats on the left the sea is washing over

the great sandbanks and on to the level shore, does not help much; for who can pretend to hear the whispering of the far-off tide amid the monotonous rattling over these abominable Lancashire stones? We kept our teeth well shut, and went on. We crossed the small river of Alt. We whisked through Maghull village. The twilight was gathering fast as we got on to Aughton, and in the dusk—lit up by the yellow stars of the street lamps—we drove into Ormskirk. The sun had gone down red in the west: we were again assured as to the morrow.

But what was the good of another bright morning to this melancholy Uhlan? Misfortune seemed to have marked us for its own. We drove into the yard of what was apparently the biggest inn in the place; and while the women were sent into the inn, the Lieutenant and I happened to remain a little while to look after the horses. Imagine our astonishment, therefore (after the animals had been taken out and our luggage uncartered), to find there was no accommodation for us inside the building.

"Confounded house!" growled the Lieutenant, in German; "thou hast betrayed me!"

So there was nothing for it but to leave the phaeton where it was, and issue forth in quest of a house in which to hide our heads. It was an odd place when we found it. A group of women regarded us with a frightened stare. In vain we invited them to speak. At length another woman—little less alarmed than the others, apparently—made her appearance, and signified that we might, if we chose, go into a small parlour smelling consumedly of gin and coarse tobacco. After all, we found the place was not so bad as it looked. Another chamber was prepared for us. Our luggage was brought round. Ham and beer were provided for our final meal, with some tea in a shaky tea-pot. There was nothing romantic in this dingy hostelry, or in this dingy little town; but were we not about to reach a more favoured country—the beautiful and enchanted land of which Bell had been dreaming so long?—

"Kennst du es wohl? Dahin, dahin, Möcht' ich mit dir, O mein Geliebter, ziehn!"

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—I confess that I

cannot understand these young people. On our way from the Fairy Glen back to Betws-y-Coed, Bell told me something of what had occurred; but I really could not get from her any *proper* reason for her having acted so. She was much distressed, of course. I forbore to press her lest we should have a *scene*, and I would not hurt the girl's feelings for the world, for she is as dear to me as one of my own children. But she could give no explanation. If she had said that Count von Rosen had been too precipitate, I could have understood it. She said she had known him a very short time; and that she could not judge of a proposition coming so unexpectedly; and that she could not consent to his leaving his country and his profession for her sake. These are only such objections as every girl uses when she *really* means that she does not wish to marry. I asked her why. She had no objection to urge against Lieutenant von Rosen personally—as how *could* she?—for he is a most gentlemanly young man, with abilities and accomplishments considerably above the average. Perhaps, living down in the country for the greater part of the year, I am not competent to judge; but I think at least he compares *very favourably* with the gentlemen whom I am in the habit of seeing. I asked her if she meant to marry Arthur. She would not answer. She said something about his being an old friend—as if that had *anything in the world to do with it*. At first I thought that she had merely said No for the pleasure of accepting afterwards; and I knew that in that case the Lieutenant, who is a shrewd young man, and has plenty of courage, would soon *make another trial*. But I was amazed to find so much of seriousness in her decision; and yet she will not say that she means to marry Arthur. Perhaps she is waiting to have an explanation with him first. In that case, I fear Count von Rosen's chances are very small indeed; for I know how Arthur has *wantonly* traded on Bell's *great generosity* before. Perhaps I may be mistaken; but she would not admit that her decision could be altered. I must say it is *most unfortunate*. Just as we were getting on so nicely and enjoying ourselves so much—and just as we were getting near to the Lake-country that Bell so much delights in—everything is spoiled by this unhappy event, for which Bell can give no *adequate reason* whatever. It is a great pity that one who shall be nameless—but who looks pretty fairly after his own comfort—did not *absolutely forbid* Arthur to come vexing us in this way by driving over to our route. If Dr. Ashburton had had any proper control over the boy, he would have kept him to his studies in the Temple instead of allowing him to risk the breaking of his neck by driving wildly about the country in a dogcart.]

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ALFONSO THE WISE, KING OF CASTILE.

BY MARY WARD.

THE thirteenth century was for the Christian states of Spain a time of rapid political growth. The famous battle of the Navas or plains of Tolosa, in 1210, had struck a blow at Moorish dominion in the south of the peninsula from which it never recovered. Valencia, the Cid's lost conquest, was regained on the one hand, and Leon was permanently united to Castile on the other. The campaign of victory which the energy and vigour of Alfonso VIII., sovereign of Castile alone, had begun, was carried on triumphantly by the political sagacity of Ferdinand the Saint, owner of Leon also; sagacity, which for the first time in Christian Spain made a Christian king the master and not the slave of political opportunity. The battle of 1210 opened southern Spain to the Christians. Andalusia was conquered in 1236, and Ferdinand and the Saint entered Cordova. The mosque of Cordova became the cathedral of a Christian bishop; and ranged in the strange pulpit, covered with arabesques, and lately echoing to the voice of the mufti, a Christian choir sang *Te Deum*. Cordova had been at once the seat of Mohammedan Empire in the West, the treasury of Arabic science, and the philosophical centre from which alone Europe drew that imperfect knowledge of Aristotle, by which every department of mediæval thought was for so long shaped and tested; and the fall of Cordova was the fall of Mohammedan Spain. It had been no ordinary capital. Mohammedanism, in the outset so rude, so fervent, so physically irresistible, had in Spain striven to place its empire on a fresh basis, and to put forth other and wider claims to dominion than the sword and the Koran. Cordova was the home of philosophers, botanists, astronomers, at a time when France, according to modern theory, had only just begun to exist. Her *savants*, men of the young Arab faith and race, found themselves, strangely enough, in the position of apostles of antiquity, handing on the civilization of Greece to the schools of Paris. Unthanked and unowned, Cordova was at one time the sun and centre of European culture; and though in the thirteenth century other towns had surpassed it in splendour and military importance, the old ineffable tradition clung round it still. When it fell into the hands of the Christians, Islam must have seemed to have lost its *raison d'être*, and to have resigned with this symbol and memento

of its best life every guarantee for the future. The conquest of Seville followed, and Ferdinand and the Saint expelled its inhabitants, and repopled its streets with orthodox. Fresh annexations were made year by year, and the choice for the annexed populations lay between exile and the Church's penalties for heresy. At the accession of Alfonso X., Christian Spain might have fairly thought that fifty more years at the most would see the last infidel sail dipping into the Mediterranean distance. We hear no more of the ancient glitter and prestige which in the days of the Cid made a Spanish knight think it no disgrace to fight for a time in the ranks of the nation's enemies. The moral effect of Islam was gone. The original impulse of conquest and fanaticism, which had vibrated so long in the Spanish Morisma, was dead, and it seemed impossible that a thing so lifeless could long be suffered to hamper the vigorous growth of Christian Spain. But success fertilized the native seed of Spanish indolence, and weak kings and over-powerful nobles distracted Christian effort; and, as all know, it was not till three hundred years after the battle of Tolosa that Spain drove out the last miserable remnant of a powerless people. The Alhambra became a palace of the kings of Castile; but even then the disappearance of Islam was only a political and a religious disappearance. Still in the streets of Saragossa, where once the great dynasty of the Beni-Houds held Christian Aragon in check, you come upon groups which would not be out of keeping in Damascus; and in the language which every peasant talks the commonest words betray, half-pathetically, an Arabic origin.

Within these gradually extending boundaries, the Spanish mind had been rapidly and healthily developing. Between the dates of the Poem of the Cid, and of the accession of Alfonso X., a period of almost exactly one hundred years, the literature of the country had passed out of its infancy, had lost its purely objective character, and contented itself no more with outsides. The Poem of the Cid was simple, because nothing else than simplicity was then attainable. Life, complex as it may seem at first sight to have been, was really simple; that is, ruled by a single dominant impulse. The pressure was intense, but it was in one direction—the direction of unwavering hostility to the infidel invaders. Circumstances threw the country and its literature into the heroic stage. But towards the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries,

hope and moderate tranquillity began for Spain. She found time for other works than rough epics and monkish legends of St. Mary the Egyptian, and worthless rhymes on the Adoration of the Magi; bound up with these we find a rhyming history of Apollonius, prince of Tyre — sure sign of leisure and security in author and audience. Presently, from the monastery of San Milano, Gonzalez Berceo, the first named Spanish poet, began to pour legend after legend, and poem after poem. There is an exquisite little passage in the opening of one of his longest poems, the *Miracles of the Virgin*, which accurately mark the transition time through which the literature is passing. He is describing the Virgin under the allegory of a garden. The introduction of allegory of itself of course marks the second period of a literature; but independently of this, the piece is so detailed, so purposely suggestive, so full of a subdued and finely finished colour and music, that one is tempted to believe, for the moment, either that the Poem of the *Cid* must be much earlier than 1150, or that some later hand has been at work here. But compare it with other passages from Berceo, and the genuineness of both matter and form appears at once. In the "Lament which the Virgin Maria made on the day of her Son's Passion," the poet puts into the mouth of the Virgin lines whose grave, unembarrassed flow and restrained tenderness produce that effect of simplicity without crudeness after which the best of modern art is perpetually striving. Between this and the best passage from the scene of the Cortes, in the Poem of the *Cid*, the gulf is immense. Berceo is by no means a great poet; you may wade through twenty or thirty pages of Sanchez' edition without finding a line worth noticing: still somewhere in the old monk's dull and unequally developed nature there lay hidden capacities which the date of his birth denied to the older author, naturally the more richly gifted of the two. For a man writes not only according to the soul within him, but according to the pressure of intelligence around him, and his thoughts will be such as his age allows him, his method of expression such as his age will understand.

So far the development of the national genius was undisturbed. In the thirteenth century, however, three foreign influences at least were at work on Spain: that of the Troubadours driven southward by the storm of the Albigensian crusade, a long-lived influence, whose extent and force can hardly be rightly estimated till

we reach the fifteenth century, and attempt to penetrate into the literary life of the court of John II.; that of Arabic literature, brought to bear by the conquest of Cordova, and chiefly to be traced in the court and writings of Alfonso X.; and that of the Trouvères, soon to be lost sight of in the overmastering enchantment of Italy and Dante.

Our subject obliges us to concern ourselves chiefly with the second of these. The age of the *Cantares de Gesta* was over: in the fourteenth century the *Divina Commedia* was to change the whole mind and course of Spanish literature, and the gap between is filled with the figure of Alfonso X., surrounded by "wise men from the East."

"King Alfonso was a man of great sense," writes the Jesuit historian Mariana, "but more fit for a scholar than a king; for whilst he studied the heavens and the stars, he lost the earth and his kingdom." Mariana's account of him throughout is marked with a certain distrust and vague dislike, which one may suppose explained, either by the popular traditions of Alfonso's unsoundness in theological matters, or by the natural contempt of the practical man for failure. And that Alfonso's political career was a failure cannot be denied. He was proclaimed at Seville, his father's conquest, under the happiest of auspices. The Guadalquivir, so long a Moorish river, flowed along its whole course through Christian territory. Seville, Cordova, Jaen, Valencia: in the contemplation of such a line of conquests, how distant must have seemed the day when Alphonso VI. entered Toledo in triumph, and how amply avenged the long exile in the Asturias! Alfonso, already skilled in war and distinguished for his learning, ascended his father's throne with all the prestige which belongs to the son not only of a conqueror, but of a saint. It was a moment of natural enthusiasm for the throne, justified by the high character, both for military and literary attainment, borne by the new occupant of it. Yet in the very first year of his reign we find Alfonso debasing the coin at Seville, and by the act sowing the seeds of that universal mutiny and discontent which overwhelmed and humiliated his old age. This proceeding, often repeated throughout his reign, has been treated by all his historians as the gravest blot upon his career. Was it a piece of thirteenth-century political economy, the result of a sort of theoretical alchemy, or merely an unwise expedient for the relief

of practical necessity? It is impossible to determine. That the people never forgot it, and that they revenged themselves by leaving the king in great measure to fight his own quarrel with his undutiful son and rebellious nobles, is very evident. Against the effect of so practical a wrong his reputation for learning never made head: the villager, unable to make his little hoard of gold go as far as he had calculated, was not likely, in the face of such an evil, to take much interest in the astronomical merits of the author of it. The enthusiasm for Alfonso as a *savant* belongs to a later date in Spain. During his lifetime it was reserved for foreign countries, untroubled by the king, to recognize and reward the efforts of the philosopher. To such recognition we owe the famous incident which connects his name with general European history. Four years after his accession, in 1256, three out of the seven Electors of Germany—Trèves, Saxony, and Brandenburg—meeting inside the walls of Frankfurt, elected Alfonso X. emperor; while the Archbishops of Mentz and Cologne, and the Count Palatine, finding the gates of the city closed against them, encamped outside, and proclaimed Richard of Cornwall. As to the casting vote of Ottocar, king of Bohemia, opinions are divided: whether he registered it on the side of Alfonso or not the fact remains the same, that Alfonso never became emperor; that if the imperial functions were discharged at all between 1256 and 1272, they were discharged by Richard of Cornwall, and that the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg, in 1272, removed the crown of Charlemagne for ever out of his reach. Alfonso owed his election to several causes, not all complimentary to him; but there seems no reason to doubt the profession of the Electors, that they were principally influenced in their choice by the wide-spread reports of his learning. If it was so, learning never earned a more worthless guerdon. For twenty years Alfonso hankered after the proffered yet unattainable prize. Had he been a popular and secure ruler, we may well believe that he would have put forth all the resources of Castile to claim it. But he was distracted on the one side by the perpetual revolts of Granada, a rising kingdom, which the genius of a Moorish soldier of fortune had built up upon the ruins of the older Mohammedan states, and on the other by the discontent of his poorer subjects, the mutiny of his nobles, and the schemes of his second son, Sancho. Nor was this all. The Pope, enlisted on the

side of Richard of Cornwall, yet by no means wishing to offend the author of the *Siete Partidas*, offered him a tithe of the ecclesiastical revenues usually applied to the repairing and restoring of churches, provided he would relinquish all claim to the Empire. Alfonso, always needy, felt keenly the attractions of the offer, but could bring himself neither to reject it, nor to accept the condition upon which it hung. During the whole of his transactions connected with the unlucky election of 1256, there is not a trace of decision or of dignity. We find him in 1275, three years after the election of Rudolph of Hapsburg, undertaking a winter journey to France, for the purpose of meeting the Pope at Belcaire, and pleading his rights. He sets forth his claim to the Empire with all the arguments he can muster, in the presence of Pope and Cardinals, but in vain. The Pope thoroughly understands that Rudolph is not a man to be trifled with, and stands firm; "but," says Mariana, "being a meek man, and understanding how to appease generous spirits, he embraced and kissed 'the furious monarch,' and so pacified him."

In the autumn of 1276 Alfonso returned to Castile, master indeed of a tithe of the ecclesiastical revenues, but emperor no longer even in his own eyes. He found the kingdom in confusion; his eldest son dead; the Moors, aided by reinforcements from Africa, marching northwards; and his second son Sancho claiming the succession against his brother's children. The Moors were easily repulsed, but from this year until his death Alfonso's life was a succession of troubles and humiliations. To win back Sancho he took the succession from Ferdinand's children, and so offended Philip III. of France, their grandfather, and ran the risk of a French invasion. In 1280 he once more debased the coinage, and by this act of short-sighted folly destroyed his last hold upon the sympathies of Spain. Sancho, who considered his father only as an obstacle in his path, took advantage of every mistake, made friends with Granada, and secured Castile by large promises of a better order of things. When, in 1281, Alfonso summoned a Cortes at Toledo, Sancho summoned a counter one at Valladolid, in which his father was publicly deposed. Alfonso, forsaken by Church and State alike, made one last desperate effort to recover his ancient supremacy. To this period of his life belongs the famous and touching letter quoted in Ticknor's well-known book. It is addressed to Alonzo Perez de Guzman, at

the court of Morocco, asking for help in men and money from the king of that country.

In it he speaks of his sad and fallen state. His prelates, instead of making peace, have fomented discord. Since those of his own country fail him, none can take it ill that he applies to those of Benamarin. He therefore entreats Guzman to obtain help and money for him from Aben Jusef, who is allied and at peace with him. If fate allows, Alfonso will amply recompense Guzman for his good offices; if not, urges the philosopher-king, loyalty and charity are their own reward.

"Therefore, my cousin, Alonzo Perez de Guzman, so treat with your master and my friend that he may lend me on my richest crown, and on the jewels in it, as much as shall seem good to him; and if you should be able to obtain his help for me, do not deprive me of it, which I think you will not do; rather I hold that all the good offices which my master may do me, by your hand they will come, and may the hand of God be with you. Given in my only loyal city of Seville, the thirtieth year of my reign, and the first of my misfortunes.

"THE KING."

At last the Pope excommunicated Sancho and his adherents, and popular sympathy turned a little towards the aged and forsaken king. But Alfonso, shut up in his "only loyal city," received the submission of various towns and vassals, which the excommunication brought about, with a certain apathy and hopelessness. There is nothing more dreary than the history of his last days, as the old chronicle of his life relates them. A false report gains ground of the death of Sancho, and the news reaches Seville.

"It came to Don Alvaro," says the chronicle, "and so to the king Don Alfonso. And he saw that it was said in the letter that the Infante Don Sancho, his son, was dead. And he was much troubled, inasmuch that he would not show it before those who were there, and withdrew into a room by himself, so that no man dared go in to him. And he began to weep for him very bitterly; and so great was his sorrow, that at last he said concerning him many grievous words, declaring that the best man of his lineage was dead."

His attendants, indignant at his grief, break in upon him, reproaching him with the indulgence of such weak lamentation over the death of a rebel and a perjurer. It is Joab and David over again. And Alfonso, broken in mind and body, seeks

to pacify them and to hide his own emotion.

"Master Nicholas," he said, addressing their spokesman, "I am not weeping for the death of the Infante Don Sancho, but I weep for my miserable old age." Sancho, however, recovers from the fever which had attacked him, and journeys to Avila as healthy and as pugnacious as before. Alfonso is told of the mistake, and "it pleased him." For he had entered upon that border-land where neither pleasure nor pain have any life or keenness, but are shadows like all else. "He fell ill in Seville, so that he drew nigh unto death. . . . And when the sickness had run its course, he said before them all that he pardoned the Infante Don Sancho, his heir, all that out of malice he had done against him, and to his subjects the wrong they had wrought towards him, ordering that letters confirming the same should be written — sealed with his golden seal, so that all his subjects should be certain that he had put away his quarrel with them, and desired that no blame whatever should rest upon them. And when he had said this, he received the body of God with great devotion, and in a little while gave up his soul to God."

So died Alfonso of Castile, having, as it seemed, made a failure of his life. Never upon the face of it was any man more unsuited to his position, or more incapable of doing the work assigned him. We fancy him perhaps under other circumstances — a student in some monastery, like Berceo; a professor of law at Salamanca; a great troubadour, free to catch and revel in every passing *nuance* of emotion. To what a roundness and completeness we imagine might have grown the nature which fate appears to have so stunted and mutilated. But as we pass beyond his life, through his writings into the later life of Spain, we are gradually persuaded that our first impression was wrong, as was the first impression of his countrymen. During those twenty years, which appear at first sight one long contemptible hankering after a doubtful gain, Alfonso created Spanish law, endowed and enlarged the Universities, regulated the unwieldy growth of municipal privilege and custom throughout Spain, and by his banishment of the hitherto omnipotent Latin from all public acts, and his great prose works in the vulgar tongue, produced effects, both upon the language and literature, which among other Romance peoples had been the fruits of the united efforts of several generations, and gave such an impulse to the mind of Spain as Chaucer gave to England a century later. All this

was done in a curious, loitering, unevident way. These works were not the offshoots of an illustrious life; they came into the world stamped with an unfavourable birthmark, with no glitter, no prestige, shrouded like their author in a cloud of mean and harassing circumstances. They had to win their way upwards from the rank and file of human efforts by their own intrinsic merit. And it was not until the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when Spaniards, conscious for the first time of the riches and capabilities of the national life, sought to trace its developments to their several sources, that Alfonso's labours were at last approached, sifted, and understood by men in whom the political temper of the Spain of his day was altogether dead.

Four years after his accession, on the eve of the Feast of St. John, the code of the *Siete Partidas* was begun. This great work, which forms to this day the groundwork of all Spanish law, and which, creeping in from Florida, has found its way into the law-courts of the United States, was undertaken in obedience to a dying injunction of St. Ferdinand, who had himself begun upon it. It was finished in ten years, but did not receive full authority as law till after Alfonso's death.

It is not, however, as a code of laws that we are concerned with the *Siete Partidas*. Its foundation, general tendency, and completeness as such—these are not literary questions, and must be judged of by those qualified to consider them. It is in the wide and general culture which the book reveals, in the many influences that we discover to have been at work upon it, in the curious historical evidence afforded by its pages, and in the thousand-and-one points which throw light upon the character of its author, that the ordinary reader finds legitimate working-ground. When we think of how few literary Spaniards consider the knowledge of Arabic essential to the study of the past history of their country; when we remember the stir created quite recently in Spain by the publication of a series of mere extracts from Arabic MSS.—MSS. chosen from hundreds of others which remain to this day uncatalogued and unknown in the depths of the Escorial—does it not at least appear remarkable that at a time when, as a Spanish king victorious over but not yet rid of the ancient oppressors of his race, he might have justifiably neglected and repelled the genius and skill of a people whom he still feared, Alfonso should have drawn his principal work equally from

Christian and Arabic sources, and should have considered no part of it complete without illustration from, or reference to, the learning of the East? In the "*Chronica General de España*" Arabic literature has left still more definite traces. It is a little startling to find in the fourth part of this chronicle the objections of modern critics to the history of the Cid, anticipated and justified by a king of Castile born about 120 years after the hero's death. But M. Dozy has explained the puzzle. We know now that nearly the whole of the fourth part is nothing more than a translation from an Arabic history of the Cid, which has been lost, and which very naturally places the conquerors of Valencia in by no means the most favourable of lights, and we do not need M. Dozy's help in restoring for ourselves the Arabic lament over Valencia, which Alfonso has handed down to us in token of an unusual sympathy with a hostile literature.

The following passage is taken from the third part of the *Siete Partidas* which relates to the duties and privileges of the king:—

"Vicars of God are the kings, each one in his kingdom, placed over the people to maintain them in justice and in truth. They have been called the heart and soul of the people. For as the soul lies in the heart of man and by it the body lives and is maintained, so in the king lies justice, which is the life and maintenance of the people of his lordship. And as the heart is one, and from it all the other members receive dignity and worthiness so that they may become one with it, so those of the kingdom, though they be many, because the king is one, must be one with him, to serve and aid him in all those things which he has to do.

"Thought is the manner in which men consider things past, present, and to come. It is born in the minds of men and ought to be engendered without anger, without great sadness or much desire or with violence, but with reason and concerning things which breed honour and avert ill. And let the king guard the thoughts of his heart in three manners: firstly let him not desire nor greatly care to have superfluous and worthless honours."

It is curious to compare what follows with the facts of the writer's life:—

"Superfluous and worthless honors the king ought not to desire. For that which is beyond necessity cannot last, and being lost and come short of turns to dishonor. Moreover the wise men have said that it is no less a virtue for a man to keep that which he has than to gain that which he has not; because keeping comes of judgment, but gain of good fortune. And the

king who keeps his honour in such a manner that every day and by all means it is increased, lacking nothing, and does not lose that which he has for that which he desires to have, — he is held for a man of right judgment, who loves his own and desires to lead them to all good. And God will keep him in this world from the dishonouring of men, and in the next from the dishonour of the wicked in hell."

We can do no more than mention the "Septenario," a work which anticipates the "Tesoro" of Brunetto Latini; the "Book of Hunting;" the Treatise on Chess (is there any kindred between this and the one printed by Caxton?); the "Fuero Castellano," which was intended to regulate the curious and unequal growth of municipal privilege and custom in Spain; the "Gran Conquista d'Ultramar," of which there is a splendid copy in the British Museum, which belonged to Charles II.; and those other smaller works which, under the title of *Opusculos Legales*, have been recently published by the Spanish Academy.

As we have said, the sixteenth-century editions of all these works have put Alfonso clearly before the world a man and author. Moreover, they have provided materials for foreign criticism, of which it has not been slow to avail itself. The Germans have gone to work upon Alfonso, and the result of their *gründlich* investigations has been a little disheartening.

True, they say, the man did good work; that he strongly influenced for good both the social and political civilization of Spain cannot be denied; therefore, as the servant of human progress he claims our most serious attention: but as a man he is in our eyes undone by one fatal error, — as a philosopher and follower of truth, he is for ever discredited by the book of the "Tesoro."

What then is this book of the "Tesoro," upon which Alfonso's reputation for honesty, and therefore for greatness, undoubtedly hangs? Among the MSS. of the National Library there may be seen a small parchment folio consisting of about ten leaves, and closed with a curious double lock. The character in which it is written appears to be that of the fourteenth century, and no less than sixty-two paragraphs of the book consist of unintelligible cyphers. It opens with a prose preface, from which we will quote a few lines: —

"Book I. of the 'Tesoro.' Written by me, Don Alfonso, King of Spain, who have been Emperor, since after many great mercies which the Lord God hath bestowed upon me — of

which the greater were the knowledge of His holy faith, of natural things, and the kingdom of my fathers, — the better to sustain this last. He hath of His own good pleasure given to me the high good and possession of the philosopher's stone, for I sought it not. This great treasure became known to me in my poverty, and I made it, and with it increased my wealth."

Then follow a series of verses, *de arte mayor*, in which the author relates how he imported a *savant* from Egypt who possessed the secret, how it had been imparted to him, and how zeal for the good of his countrymen had led him to open to the world this great and divine mystery. The receipt itself is given in cyphers, which have never yet been explained, and which, as Ticknor remarks, were probably never meant to be explained. In the opening verses it is said, that not wishing to give such great power as the knowledge of the secret would impart to an unlettered man, the author has imitated the Theban Sphinx, and has put forth truths under the guise of cyphers.

The whole thing is a delectable compound of ignorance, superstition, and knavery. In neither thought nor expression is there a trace of dignity or cultivation, and we know that Alfonso of Castile possessed both. The evidence, external and internal, has been examined in detail by Los Rios and other critics. It was noticed by Sanchez as early as 1775 that the character of the MS. was suspicious; that it had the appearance of having been formed by detached strokes of the pen, as if in laboured imitation of a thirteenth or early fourteenth century hand. The MS. has been carefully examined more than once since 1775, and, says Los Rios, there is no modern palæographer who will not declare it to belong to the latter half of the fifteenth century. The note upon it which fixes the ownership of it upon the famous Marques de Villena is written in the same suspicious character, and there can be no doubt that it saw the light long after his death, its author attaching to it the names of a king sufficiently famous and sufficiently far removed, and of a well-known patron of letters so universally credited with a knowledge of the black art, that after his death the greater portion of his priceless library was handed over to the king and burnt by the common hangman.

Notice also the expression in the Prologue, "who have been Emperor." At the close of the MS. belonging to the Biblioteca Nacional we find the following notice of date: — "May God be praised. This book was written in the year of our Salvation,

1272." Now, although it is true that Rudolph of Hapsburg was elected emperor in 1272, we know that it was not till 1276 that Alfonso relinquished his long-cherished dream, and gave up the style and title which all his efforts were unable to confirm and substantiate. But such an expression would come naturally enough to the half-educated author of the fifteenth century; aware of one fact only, the fact of Rudolph's election, and in his anxiety to avoid anachronisms, stumbling into a fatal one. The date, too, "in the year of our Salvation," has an odd ring about it. Till the end of the fourteenth century Spain counted from the era of Cæsar; when the year of Our Lord was mentioned at all, it was always placed after the year of the Era, and spoken of as that of "*The Incarnation*," the form "of our Salvation" being of much later date.

Add to this the penalties decreed against magic and alchemy in the *Partidas*; the assertion that if a king desires the thing which may not be, and attempts to do by art what according to nature cannot be done, "as does *el Alquimia*," he will be considered a man without understanding, and will waste both time and money; and the denunciation of those "who make alchemy *ficiesen alquimia*, deceiving men, and making them believe that which according to nature cannot be."

So far indeed from encouraging the popular superstitions of his time, Alfonso stood in a strangely advanced position towards them, and deserves to be placed side by side with our own Bacon, as one of the first genuine and modest inquirers after scientific truth. Compare with the false "*Tesoro*" the true "*Tablas Alfonsinas*." They are crude, no doubt. They have that curious element of mystery and fancifulness which enters universally into mediæval science; but they are what Roger Bacon was dreaming of, and their merit was attested by their rapid popularity. It is with a rare delight that the English student of Alfonso finds in the "*Frankleins Tale*" of our own Chaucer a mention of the king's scientific work:—

"His tables Toletanes forth he brought,
Ful wel corrected that ther lacked nought."

This is an undoubted reference to the Alfonsine Tables, which, from the place of their compilation, were frequently called the "*Tabulæ Toletane*." Dorigen sets her lover, Aurelius, the task of clearing the coast of Brittany from rocks, so

"That they ne letten ship ne bote to gon,"

Aurelius, in despair, applies to a clerk of Orleans, a noted magician and astrologist; and, with the aid of the "*Tables Toletanes*," the magician produces an illusion which frightens Dorigen out of her senses. It cannot be denied that the connection in which his great work is mentioned, is scarcely as complimentary to Alfonso as one might wish it to be; still it affords a curious proof of the wide-spread popularity to which it had attained within a hundred years of his death. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was translated into Latin, and printed frequently in a mutilated form in France, Italy, and Germany. Our own days have seen a superb edition of it issued by the Spanish Academy. And the *Tabulæ* well deserved their mediæval fame, and their modern reprint, not only as the crude embodiment of patient labour and long research, but as the product of an almost premature enlightenment of mind. For the successors of Averrhoes and Avicenna, driven out of Seville and Cordova by the father, had returned to their old haunts at the invitation of the son. With them, too, had come the famous Rabbis, depositaries of learning which had not been able to hold its own against the energy and splendour of Mohammedan science, and which had gradually sunk into a supplementary place. In Toledo, the conquest of Alfonso VI. and the most Christian of cities, Alfonso had gathered together a great council of the wise men of all nations, composed principally of Arabs and Arabic Jews, but containing also representatives of the learning of France and Italy. Here for many years he maintained them at the public expense, while the necessary data for the compilation of the "*Tablas Alfonsinas*" were being collected. A permanent meeting sat in Toledo, conducted, when Alfonso could not be present, by a famous Rabbi, while detachments of *savants* established themselves in different parts of the town and its neighbourhood for the observation of the heavenly bodies, and the drawing up of tables. "This was the first time," says the Spanish Royal Academy of History, "that in barbarous times the republic of letters was invited to contemplate an academy of learned men occupied through many years in rectifying the old astronomical calculations, in disputing about the most difficult details of this science, in constructing new instruments, in observing by means of them the course of the stars, their declinations, ascensions, eclipses, longitudes, and latitudes."

Compare with this Roger Bacon's de-

spairing dream of what might be, as we have it in the "Opus Tertium" sent to Pope Clement IV. in 1267. Mathematicians,* instruments, tables, all are requisite, he says, and he despairs of all three. Good mathematicians are not to be had, except at vast expense, such as could only be borne by the Pope or some great prince: the same complaint applies to instruments, and to the compilation and certifying of tables. Such tables, perfectly done, would be worth a king's ransom. He himself has often attempted their composition, but in vain. The work is too vast and costly for any but the great. Before it could be undertaken it would at least be necessary that

"Ten or twelve boys should be instructed in the ordinary canons and astronomical tables; and when they knew how to work at them, then for a year to discover the motions of each planet singly, for every day and every hour, according to all the variations of their motion."

What would he have said had he known of the council of *savants* already assembled at Toledo, "under a great prince," working not for one year, but for many at this very thing?

Yet, as we read the account not only of such public acts as these, but of Alfonso's private life, — of his maintenance in his palace at Burgos, of which twenty years ago remains were still to be traced, of Arabic *savants*, men who professed not only Averrhoes but the Koran, — we wonder no longer at the popular suspicion of his orthodoxy. "Had God Almighty consulted me about the solar system, it would have been better done," he is reported to have said, and the authenticity of the speech has been a ground of contention for centuries. It is more than probable that he never made it, but it is very natural that Spain should have supposed him capable of it; for Alfonso's religion, deep and genuine as it was, was of an altogether different type from that of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is not represented by the First Book of the *Partidas*, to the compilation of which all sorts of political causes contributed; it is not to be judged of by the Prologue of the forged "Tesoro;" it runs into quite other moulds, and is preserved to us in quite other shapes. It is in the "Cantigas á la Virgen Maria," mentioned in his will, and sung over his grave at Toledo for hun-

dreds of years, that we get at the heart of Alfonso. These little pieces, some of them full of a sunny lyrical buoyancy, others fancifully sad and grave, and others simple narrative, which only the genius of the narrator saves from baldness and awkwardness, betray to us the real inner nature of the great author of the *Partidas* and of the "Grande y General Historia." The language in which they are written is as it were a confidence in itself, and appeals to one. It is Gallician, and we are reminded by it of the writer's childhood in Leon, and of the early years among the Asturias, far away from Seville and Cordova, and the busy, disputant South. We have no details of this childhood of Alfonso, but from these Gallician *cantigas* we can well believe that it had memories for him which remained for ever sacred. It was tended and trained, no doubt, by the beautiful Beatrice of Suabia, his mother, whose statue stands near that of her son in the cathedral of Toledo. Her form is full of grace and dignity; she averts her modest, tender face while she holds her hand to receive her wedding-ring from her husband. There is a fanciful poetry about the conception of the mediæval sculptor which takes hold of the imagination. There in the cathedral of Toledo the three have stood for centuries — father, mother, and son — the parents for ever exchanging the symbol of their love, thus made immortal: the son standing a little apart, unnoticing, extreme youthfulness in face and figure, the countenance slightly upraised, eyes and lip smooth and untroubled, almost smiling; one hand holding the fastening of the long upper mantle, which falls to the feet in large calm folds; the other grasping a sceptre, upon the top of which perches a dove.

One should read the *Cantigas* with this statue in one's mind. With wars in Granada, rebellions, imperial elections, and treaties, they have nothing whatever to do. There are signs of warlike enthusiasm, it is true, traces of that natural and inevitable patriotism which was the birth-right of every mediæval Spaniard; still their general tone presupposes one of those happy elevated moods of the mind in which material confusions and distractions are lost sight of, and the delight of the soul in the strength and purity of its own emotions expresses itself outwardly in a certain grace and serenity. Take, for instance, this welcome to May, the month of Mary, which we reproduce in a faint English copy, preserving the metre of the original: —

* It must be remembered that Bacon included under the general term of mathematics, geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and music.

"Welcome, O May, yet once again we greet thee!

So alway praise we her, the Holy Mother,
Who prays to God that He shall aid us ever
Against our foes, and to us ever listen.

"Welcome, O May, loyally art thou welcome!
So alway praise we her, the Mother of kindness,

Mother who ever on us taketh pity,
Mother who guardeth us from woes unnumbered.

"Welcome, O May! welcome, O month well-favoured!

So let us ever pray and offer praises
To her who ceases not for us, for sinners,
To pray to God that we from woes be guarded.

"Welcome, O May, O joyous May and stainless!

So will we ever pray to her who gaineth
Grace from her Son for us, and gives each morning
Force that by us the Moors from Spain be driven.

"Welcome, O May, of bread and wine the giver!

Pray then to her, for in her arms, an infant,
She bore the Lord! She points us on our journey,
The journey that to her will bear us quickly!"

There is little depth or subtility of thought in this; but how fresh it is, how entirely without effort or affectation! There is nothing strained, not an epithet too much, and the allusion to the Moors completes the whole effect of spontaneity. The more serious poems,—such as litanies, confessions of sin, legends like that exquisite one of the nun who leaves her convent for the sinful world, and coming back years afterwards broken and repentant, finds the Virgin in her place, wearing her forsaken dress, and fulfilling her deserted duties, till she should return to resume them, when, without a word of upbraiding, they are given back to her, and she, heart-broken with love and gratitude, confesses to the amazed and wondering sisters, her flight and her long absence, and dies in an ecstasy,—all are characterized by the same fresh simplicity. Not that the book is faultless; here and there the evil influence of the Troubadours has crept in, producing lines so curiously meaningless, and versification so ingeniously unnatural, that we smile and acquit Alfonso of what is his only in name.

The "Querellas," a poem, of which only two stanzas remain to us, was written within a year or two of his death. It was meant to be a lament over his misfortunes,

and is not without dignity, though wanting in the delicate individual flavour of the *Cantigas*. Great efforts have been made of late years to recover the remainder of it. Spain has been searched for it, but in vain. If it exists at all, it must be looked for now rather in Paris or Vienna, than in the Escorial.

Alfonso of Castile is not to be described in a few pages. He is not like the Cid, a man of one impulse, and that an easily comprehensible one. His character is full of indications, of half-growths and complexities. You class him perhaps in your mind as a philosopher, and he is one; then why not more indifference to this world's gains and prospects? But he had the volatile and quickly-moved humanity of a child, and the crown of Charlemagne pleases him like any other bauble. He appears at one time a king jealous of his rights, enumerating with bitter pride those who had knelt at his feet and done him homage; while later we find him directing that he should be buried near his parents on a lower tomb, his head to their feet, because of his unworthiness. And there they rest together, Ferdinand the Saint and Alfonso the Wise, father and son, difficult as it is to realize that the same age produced both: the one a noble and adequate representative of the best and most characteristic influences of his day; the other bewildered by dim ideals for the realization of which the world had not yet provided the means, his force wasted perpetually in untimely aspirations. Not wholly anything, whether for good or evil, it is difficult to understand and represent him; but our sympathy with him perhaps transcends that which we are able to accord to the Saint.

From The Saturday Review.

PAGAN ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE ecclesiastical mind of England has of late got plunged into controversies which carry us back to ages which ecclesiastical controversialists must not be allowed to have wholly to themselves. To an exclusively theological view no period of history seems richer than the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. Those ages are the very paradise of theological controversy. They are the days of theology in the very strictest sense. The disputes of other ages, say the Iconoclast controversy or the vast mass of controversies which we jumble together under the name of the

Reformation, had commonly more or less to do with man's practical duties towards his Creator or towards his fellow-creatures. Even within the time of which we speak, there was one dispute, the Pelagian dispute, which, as having as much to do with the human as with the divine nature, had more in common with disputes of a practical kind. But this was a Western dispute, a controversy between Britain and Africa. The true native land of pure theology is the Eastern half of Christendom, the lands where men spoke the one language which has the power of distinguishing with sharp precision the minutest shades of theological difference. There lay the true home of the controversies of those specially controversial ages; there arose the heretics whose eternal doom we are bidden to pronounce thirteen times in the year; and there arose the giants of orthodoxy who smote off the heads which arose one after another from the crushed, but never fully seared, trunk of the hydra of heresy. The centuries between Constantine and Justinian are a time so fertile both in heretics and saints that men are sometimes tempted to speak as if none but heretics and saints lived in those days, and as if three centuries and more of the world's history had only an ecclesiastical existence. Or, if men look at those days at all in their secular aspect, they are tempted simply to despise the weakness of the decaying Empire, to turn away from the spectacle of shifting Emperors and invading barbarians, of the rule of eunuchs and favourites, and the ten thousand crimes of the courts of Byzantium and Ravenna. We need not say that this is no adequate view of the true middle ages, of the transitional period of the world's history when the Roman and the Teutonic elements still existed side by side in all their distinctness, and had not yet been welded together into a whole different from either. But it is worth while to see how religious controversies looked in those days in the eyes of that large class who were neither saints nor heretics. The course of history carries us so suddenly from heathen persecutions under Diocletian to ecclesiastical disputes under Constantine, that we are apt to think that all mankind, or at least all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire, were actively engaged on behalf either of orthodoxy or of heresy. We are apt to forget how long mere Paganism went on. We are apt to fancy that, as soon as Constantine set up the Labarum as his standard, the whole Roman world followed his

example, and that men no longer disputed whether Christianity were true, but only what was the true form of Christianity. But things were far from changing in this sudden way. Everything indeed shows that Christianity was the advancing, and that paganism was the declining, religion. But the advance and the decline were gradual. Down almost to the end of the fourth century it was hard to say which was the established religion of the Empire. Except Julian, every Emperor was a Christian, and it should be remembered that, while Constantine and Theodosius acted as zealous Christians long before their baptism, Julian was not only a baptized man, but had something of an ecclesiastical tinge about him, having in his youth — though, to be sure, he never got beyond his youth — publicly read the Scriptures in the congregation. But, on the other hand, baptized and believing Emperors, both orthodox and heretical, continued to be invested, like their heathen predecessors, with the office and badges of the High Pontiffs of the old religion. It was Gratian who first felt any scruple as to such conformity with a false creed, and his scruple was of evil omen. It was a well-hazarded prophecy, if it was really uttered as a prophecy, that, if Gratian refused to be *Pontifex Maximus*, there would before long be a *Maximus Pontifex*.

But, if Christianity was the religion of the Roman Emperor, it was at least not the religion of the Roman Senate. It is curious, in the fourth and fifth centuries, when the despotic system of Diocletian and Constantine was fully established and when legislation went steadily on the rule that "*Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem*," to see how the Roman Senate won back again some small portion of its old authority. Even the Senate of Constantinople seems to have acted now and then; but the Senate of Constantinople was overawed by the constant presence of the Emperor. In the West, on the other hand, when the Emperor lived at Milan or Ravenna while the Senate went on in its old place at Rome, it often happened that in sudden emergencies the Conscript Fathers had really to act according to their own wisdom. But, down to the reign of Theodosius, the Conscript Fathers were a decidedly heathenish assembly. They vigorously protested against the disestablishing decree of that orthodox Emperor, by which sacrifices to the old Gods were not forbidden, but were no longer to be offered at the public cost. Later still, when Alaric was at their gates, men fell

back, not indeed on the genuine worship of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, but on some strange rites from Etruria. No other story better brings out the strange mixture of creeds and feelings at the time. The Præfect of the city consults the Bishop, the first bearer of the famous name of Innocent. His answer, if we may trust the spiteful heathen Zōsimos, was the most striking example on record of that "habitual sacrifice of private conviction" which some say is the highest duty, if not of a Bishop, yet at least of a statesman. They were to do the idolatrous rite, but to do it privily (*ὁ δὲ τὴν τῆς πόλεως σωτηρίαν ἐμπροσθεν τῆς οἰκίας ποιησάμενος ὁδὸς λάθρα ἔρχετο αὐτοῖς ποιεῖν ὑπὲρ ἰσάντων*). To understand this answer, whether really given or not, we must remember that to the mind of Innocent the Gods who were to be called on to save Rome were no mere non-existent beings, no mere creations of the fancy. They were devils, living and powerful; the point of the answer is, that the Roman patriotism of the Bishop carried him so far, that he was ready to see Rome saved by the help of devils rather than not see her saved at all. But the sacrifices would have no virtue unless they were done publicly; the Senate went up into the Capitol and did all things decently and in order, but no man, the heathen historian tells us, dared to have any share in their doings.

The revival of paganism under Julian bears its witness both ways. Except that the fires of persecution were not kindled, it has much in common with the reign of Philip and Mary in England. It has much in common with it, both in the ease with which the revival was made and in the ease with which it was got rid of. If men's minds had not been floating between the old system and the new, if there had been a large and zealous majority in favour of either, the change either way would have been far more difficult, whether in England or in the Roman Empire. And when, after the death of Julian, victims are slain, and the usual rites of divination are gone through on behalf of the Christian Jovian, we are reminded of the fact that Elizabeth was crowned with the old ceremonies, and that mass went on, being said in English churches till the summer of 1559.

Both in England and in the Roman Empire there were, during the time of change, many zealous supporters of the old system and many zealous supporters of the new. But in the Roman case it should be noticed what a deep effect the new system

had on the old. Before Christianity finally uprooted paganism, it in a manner Christianized it. The paganism of Julian was not simply a system of State ceremonies and poetical tales. It had become a creed; it was a system of faith and morals. Take the history of Zōsimos, written in the fifth century, when paganism was fast vanishing. To him the worship of the Gods of Rome was not the subject of playful verse which it was to Horace, nor the matter of state policy which it was to the augur of Cicero. His faith is as firm, his orthodoxy is as rigid, he is as undoubting in his belief in Divine Providence and Divine vengeance as the most fervent disputant on the Christian side. He hates Christianity; but it is not with the blind hatred of earlier times; he clearly has some knowledge of its doctrines, and he even borrows its language in denouncing it. He laments the departure of Constantine from "the right way" — a formula which he must surely have learned from his enemies; he has his confessors of the truth; he has his signs and wonders, his special interpositions for the punishment of irreverence; he has his general theory "De Gubernatione Deorum" in the plural, as carefully thought out and as firmly believed in as ever Salvianus had in the singular. Of Christianity and its professors he never speaks without some expression of sectarian dislike. In short, in Zōsimos the Christian disputant met with a fanatical enemy as bitter, and no doubt as conscientious, as himself.

From Zōsimos let us go back a generation or two to Ammianus. We conceive that classical purists will cry out if we say that Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian of the campaigns of Julian, has really a right to rank very high, within one or two of the top, among the extant Latin historians of Rome. Between him and Tacitus the gap is filled up with the dreary epitomes of the Augustan History. But Tacitus, as well as Livy and Sallust, is not a writer contemporary with what he writes about. And daring people are nowadays beginning to say that Tacitus wrote with a party object, and is not to be implicitly trusted. But Ammianus was a contemporary, and, in a large part of his story, he was a spectator and an actor, an officer in Julian's army. If we look at his matter, his thorough trustworthiness, his keenness of observation, we might put him in the highest class of writers; if we look at his detestably complicated and affected style, we might put him in the lowest. But what we are concerned with is the

way in which he looks at Christianity. In this respect he has pretty well reached the state attributed by Principal Tulloch to Mr. Burton, that of a "pitiless impartiality." He clearly was not a Christian himself; he always speaks of Christianity from the outside; but he always speaks of the religion itself with respect. He clearly felt the sublimity of Christian martyrdom; he speaks with reverence of those who laid down their lives for their faith. He despises the Christianity of Constantius, in whose hands it had become an old wife's fable ("anilis superstio"), but he says that Christianity itself is a "religio absoluta et simplex"—words which are not very easy to understand, but which are clearly meant to be respectful. He strongly blames the pride and luxury of the Bishops of Rome, but in the same breath he bears witness to the simple and useful lives of the Bishops of smaller places. Theodosius, whom Zósimos pursues with all the bitterness of controversial hatred, he calls "princeps perfectissimus." But his strongest expression of admiration is bestowed on the tolerant policy of Valentinian, who hindered the professors of either faith from molesting the professors of the other. Something must be allowed for the different circumstances of the time of Ammianus and of the generation of Zósimos. Ammianus must have written or revised his book under Theodosius; but it may well have been before the public sacrifices were forbidden, in short before Christianity was, strictly speaking, the established religion of the Empire. Zósimos wrote when things had altogether gone against the old Gods. But it is plain that we see in the two writers two widely different lines of thought with regard to the advancing creed. Ammianus is an indifferent philosopher; Zósimos is a fanatical partizan.

Claudian seems to represent a third state of mind. There is indeed something wonderful in the sight of a poet singing the praises of a Christian prince in the very generation which saw the final triumph of Christianity, not only without introducing a single Christian expression or idea, but with the most lavish use of the machinery of the old mythology. The position of Claudian was different from that of the poets of the Augustan age; it was different from that of a modern poet who drags in classical illustrations. If Virgil and Horace did not very fervently believe in the religion which they professed, at all events neither they nor those about them believed in any other; and they at least did the

part of good citizens in professing to believe the religion of the commonwealth. If a modern poet talks of Jupiter and Apollo, no one suspects him of believing in them; his poetical talk about them is consistent with the most devout and orthodox belief in another faith. But when Claudian prays Jupiter and the other Gods to prosper the arms of Honorius, it must have sounded to every devout Christian as a direct invocation of the devil and his angels. This way of putting Christianity utterly out of sight, as if it had never been heard of, is far more wonderful than either the fierce hatred of Zósimos or the cool indifference of Ammianus. It would be interesting to look through the remains of some of the more fragmentary writers of the same age with the same object. Eupapios, for instance, hates Christianity as fiercely as Zósimos, while in Malchos and Olympiodoros we seem, from such little light as we have, to have calm outsiders of the school of Ammianus.

A far more difficult question is that of the religion of Boëtius in a later, and of Prokopios in a still later, generation. The philosophic Consul and Patrician was for ages looked on as a saint and a martyr, as a theologian who confuted heretics, and who died for his faith at the bidding of an heretical prince. Yet it is well known that the *Consolation of Philosophy* does not contain a single expression of Christian faith or Christian hope, for surely such a phrase as "angelica virtus" proves nothing at all. It is a speaking fact that when Alfred translated Boëtius for the edification of Englishmen, he had to Christianize him in the process. We feel convinced with Dr. Stanley, in the *Dictionary of Biography*, that the theological writings attributed to Boëtius cannot possibly be the work of the author of the *Consolatio*. Boëtius the Patrician must have been, if not a Pagan, at all events not a Christian. At the same time there can be no greater witness than the writings and the life of Boëtius how deeply Christianity had leavened both the faith and the practice of many who still stood outside the Church as a religious community.

As for Prokopios, the wonderful passage near the beginning of his *History* of the Gothic War looks as if the contemplation of theological controversies had driven him into pure theism and contemptuous toleration. Christians, he says, were endlessly disputing about the nature of the Godhead. But he holds it for madness to try to define things which the human mind cannot understand. He, Prokopios, is con-

vinced that God is all-powerful and all-good, and he can go no further. As for anything else, let each man, clerk or layman — καὶ ἱερεὶς καὶ ἰδιώτης, the reference to Thucydides is obvious — say what he pleases. Prokopios was perhaps a scoffer; certainly he shows no signs of any special devotion. But this passage really only puts in another shape what the pious Salvianus had already said, perhaps without knowing it. The author of *De Gubernatione Dei* would not take upon himself to pronounce that Ulfilas and Athaulf would without doubt perish everlastingly. He thought that such good people as the Goths, heretics as they were, would have some chance in the next world. Perhaps his notions really came nearer to those of Prokopios than he would have liked to acknowledge.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

On the 1st of June the South Kensington Museum opened a special exhibition of ancient musical instruments. They have been obtained on loan from all quarters; money, powerful as it is, could not buy the greater part; and every man and woman, who loves music, or possesses a mind, should study them before the unique opportunity runs away, and this multitude of gems is dispersed for ever.

Talk of the treasures of the deep! Give me the treasures of the country house; for there curiosities can always find a corner to live: in London, novelties jostle them into their graves through mere want of space. In a word, private contributors, English and foreign, have peopled one of the halls of this museum with the spoils of time. Here are Egyptian and Indian instruments, Turkish and Chinese, very curious; oriental banjos, &c.; and above all a most amazing specimen of roundabout resonance — a long black wooden tube, over which the strings are stretched, and the tube rests on two hollow everlasting pumpkins. But the main feature is a number of mediæval instruments, exquisite in form and workmanship, and sometimes encrusted with gems, and inlaid with oriental lavishness and the skill of a Genoese jeweller. Here in stringed instruments alone are full a score of obsolete varieties, and many specimens of each kind, especially of the lute, the archlute, the mandolin, the sweet viola d'amore, with its sympathetic wires that lay and trembled in unison be-

neath the gut strings, and prolonged the vibration; the viola di Bardone, a larger and more complicated instrument, whose sympathetic wires, twenty-two in number, were placed so that they could be struck with the thumb, while the fingers played the gut strings; the viola da gamba, called by Sir Andrew Aguecheek the "viol de gamboys," and all the tribe of citterns and gitterns, that used to hang in every barber's shop for gentlemen to play, when England was famous as a musical nation, and that was before the monstrous idea of confining musical education to the less musical sex had entered the national head. Here, too, are all the instruments the translators of our Bible have bravely transplanted to Assyria and the night of ages — the sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, &c.; and here are the children and grandchildren of the dulcimer — viz. the keyed dulcimer, the virginal, the clavichord, the spinet, harpsichord, pianoforte. There are nearly two hundred specimens of the old Cremonese and other Italian violins, violas, violons, and basses, and amongst them I see a violin that a friend of mine once gave four hundred and fifty pounds for, and a bass that was bought for eight hundred pounds in Paris. But as this is the one branch I am well versed in, I postpone it for the time, my present object being merely to indicate the various character of the treasures, and the profit that may be reaped. The Marquis of Kildare lends an Irish harp with its one row of metal strings, the wooden frame black with age, exposure, and methinks a little peat-smoke. To such a harp Carolan, the last great improvising Irish harper, sang his traditionary melodies that lived by ear and now are dead, alas! One comfort: as the devil escaped being put in a pie by shunning Cornwall, so those divine melodies — some gay, some sad — have died and gone to Heaven, and so escaped the defilement and degradation of being hashed and smashed into quadrilles by Jullien and his followers, and played in false time and utter defiance of their dominant sentiment. There is an older harp, lent by Mr. Dalway, on which is inscribed "Ego sum Rex cithararum." "Pride goeth before destruction;" so this self-trumpeting harp is in pieces. The epithet of "King of Harps" is better merited by the noble instrument of Lady Llanover — a triple-stringed Welsh harp, made by the famous John Richards about 140 years ago. On such a harp, made by the same maker (Richards), blind Parry of Ruabon harped his "ravishing tunes a thousand years old" to the poet Gray, and

so fired him with brave thoughts that he wrote "The Bard" while the music was fresh in his soul. Woe is me! who can play this harp nowadays? This one looks bursting with music. "I would give a few pounds to hear 'Sweet Richard' played on it." But I ransacked Wales five years ago, and not one public harper did I find could play the triple harp. Yet their greatest airs were all composed for it, and are half lost without it.

Then there are Italian spinets, one of which ought to interest the ladies; for it has nineteen hundred and twenty eight precious stones outside it, and very little music inside. There is Handel's harpsichord. He had more harpsichords than Cromwell skulls. But this time there really is a tidy pedigree made out. There are two much finer double harpsichords with stops and swell, one of them made by Joseph Kirkman and lent by his descendants. I heard this harpsichord played by Mr. Sullivan and the learned Mr. Engel; and it is a great and beautiful instrument full of sweetness and tenderness, yet not deficient in grandeur: and sings to the heart. It ought never to have been allowed to die. There was room in the world for the pianoforte and the harpsichord too; each can do things the other cannot.

It seems at first sight strange and sad that so many stringed instruments should have been invented in modern Europe, and framed with so much skill and taste, only to die away, when so poor a thing as the guitar survives. They were not killed, as some people fancy, by our four-stringed instruments, for they ran parallel with these for centuries. Some of them no doubt deserved to die; the mandolins, and little citterns, for not making noise enough in such a world as this, and the lute and viola di Bardone for being always out of tune.

I read that a contemporary of Handel said, "If a lutenist lives to eighty he must have been sixty years tuning;" and another, writing to lutenists, gave them this warning, "You shall do well ever when you lay it by to put it into a bed that is constantly used." So mankind rose against these invalid instruments and put them to bed once for all.

But I hope that true lovers of music, both male and female, will inspect the harpsichord, the viola d'amore, and the viola da gamba with candid eyes, and give them a trial. Put these two last at their lowest, they must be superior to the guitar, since they have more tone, and arpeggios can be played on them with the hand and suddenly the chords swept with the bow — a rare musical effect for any single instrument to produce. The larger viola of the two could also be fitted with the sympathetic wire strings; the finger-boards of both could be fretted, and I apprehend the bridge of each could be arched a little. Ladies could play the viola d'amore gracefully. Indeed, a Mrs. Ottey played the viola da gamba publicly in 1720, and a Miss Ford in 1761; teste viro doctissimo Carolo Engel. Meyerbeer thought well of the viola d'amore, for he wrote a part for it in "Les Huguenots." The late Prince Consort had music of the sixteenth century performed on various ancient instruments such as are now on show. On that occasion a viola da gamba — that figures in this very exhibition — was played by Mr. Hatton — who, I hope, is alive to play it again — and was much admired. The deceased Prince had many ideas before his age, and I think your readers will appreciate what he did for music in 1845, when in 1872 they have examined this noble collection with the attention it deserves.

CHARLES READE.

THE FIREWEED. — The epilobium, or fireweed, a species of cotton plant, springs up spontaneously on evergreen lands that have been burnt over. Hundreds of acres of this plant are to be seen in the north woods of New York. It is perennial, grows to the height of four to six feet, the stem being one fourth of an inch in diameter, and, some two feet from the top, putting out a dozen to twenty branches, each bearing from fifteen to twenty pods, that, in August, open and display a white fibre like that in the boll of the cotton plant. The seeds are very small and numerous, but do not require ginning

to separate them from the fibre. The plants grow close together on poor or rich soil, and in any climate from forty degrees north to the Arctic Circle. Its southern limit of growth is the northern limit of cotton, and is very similar to cotton. Mr. Miller, of Utica, made candle and lamp wicks of it, and ropes that proved as strong as cotton ropes of the same size. Carded and spun, it made excellent yarn, from which a stocking was knit. Its fibre makes the finest of paper, being almost equal to silk for this purpose.

Public Opinion.